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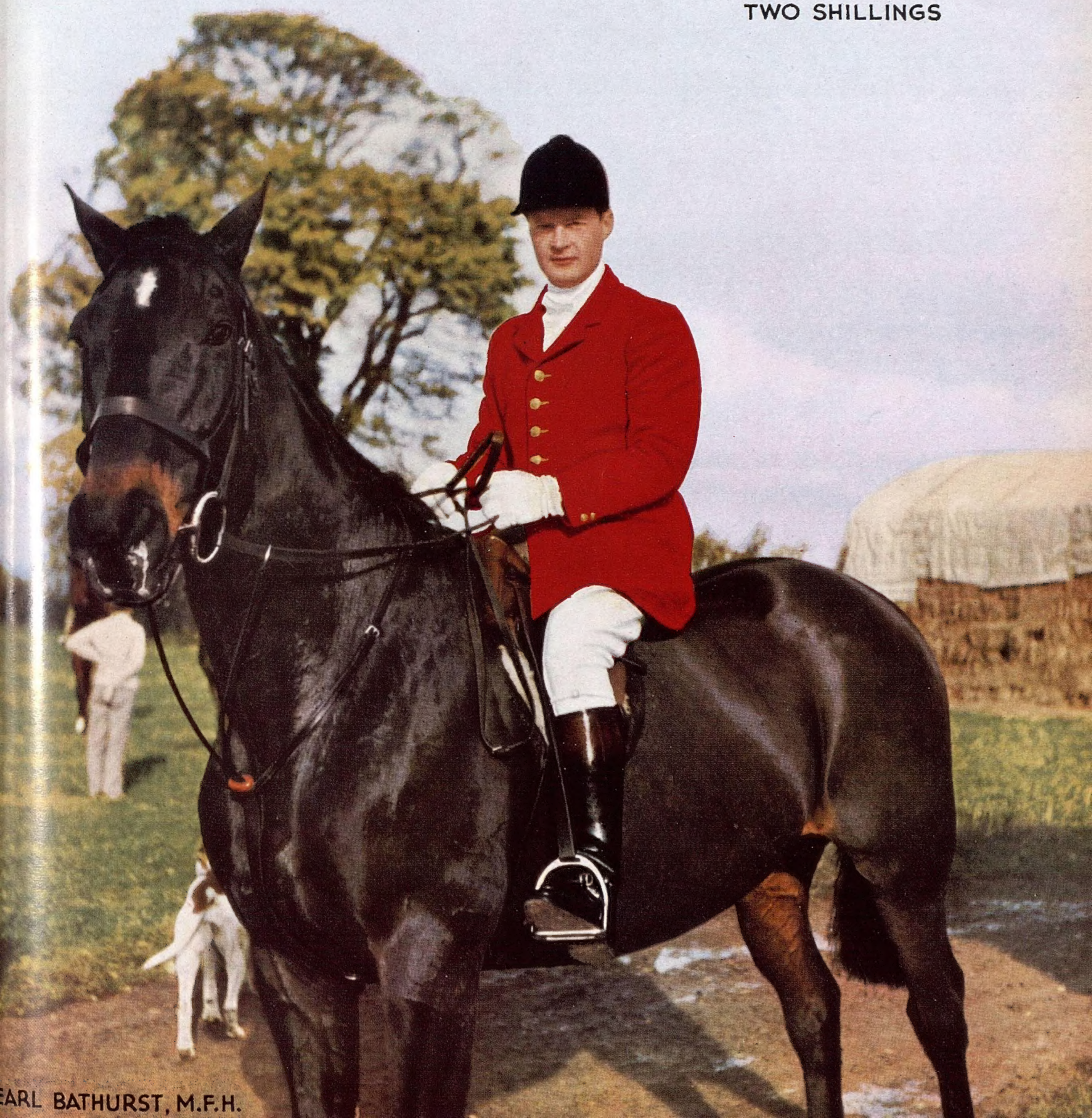


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FEB. 27, 1957

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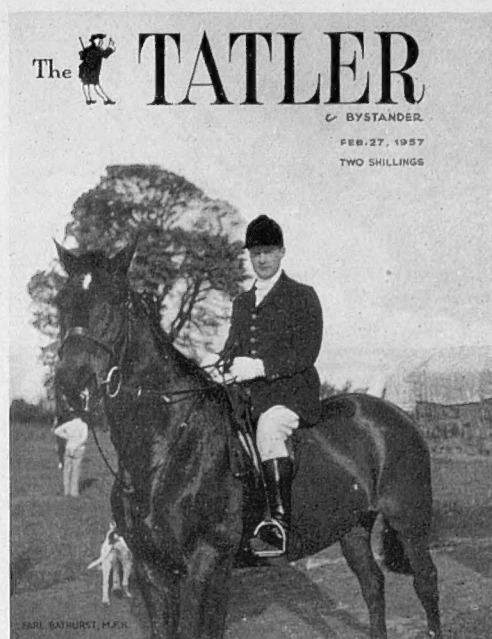
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EARL BATHURST is seen as Master of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) which hunts over the country round Cirencester. Lord Bathurst, who is the eighth Earl, succeeded his grandfather to the title in 1943; his father, Lord Apsley, was killed in the war. Educated in Canada, at Eton and Oxford, and having served with the 10th Royal Hussars, Lord Bathurst is now with the Forestry Commission and lives at the family seat, Cirencester Park. Cover photograph, William Morris, Bath

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 27 to March 6

**Feb. 27 (Wed.)** Prince Philip will preside at the annual general meeting of the Royal Yachting Association at Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Melton Hunt Club Race.

Racing at Windsor.

**Feb. 28 (Thur.)** Racing at Windsor.

**Mar. 1 (Fri.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the St. David's Day Service at Chelsea Barracks and will present leeks to the Welsh Guards.

Trout fishing begins in England and Wales.

Scottish Kennel Club All Breeds Championship Show (two days), Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

The Highland Ball at Claridge's.

New Forest Beagles Ball.

Racing at Sandown Park.

**Mar. 2 (Sat.)** Rugby Football: Royal Navy v. Army at Twickenham.

Hockey: England v. Wales (Women), at Blackpool.

Staff College and R.M.A. point-to-point at Tweseldown.

Racing at Sandown Park, Kelso and Warwick.

**Mar. 3 (Sun.)**

**Mar. 4 (Mon.)** Mrs. Ian T. Henderson will give a cocktail dance for Miss Venetia and Miss Nicola Henderson at the Hyde Park Hotel.

North Staffordshire Hunt Ball at Doddington Hall, nr. Nantwich.

Racing at Wye and Wolverhampton.

**Mar. 5 (Tues.)** Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition (to 30th), Olympia, London.

Royal Dublin Society Show and sale of pedigree bulls and pigs (three days).



Racing at Wolverhampton.

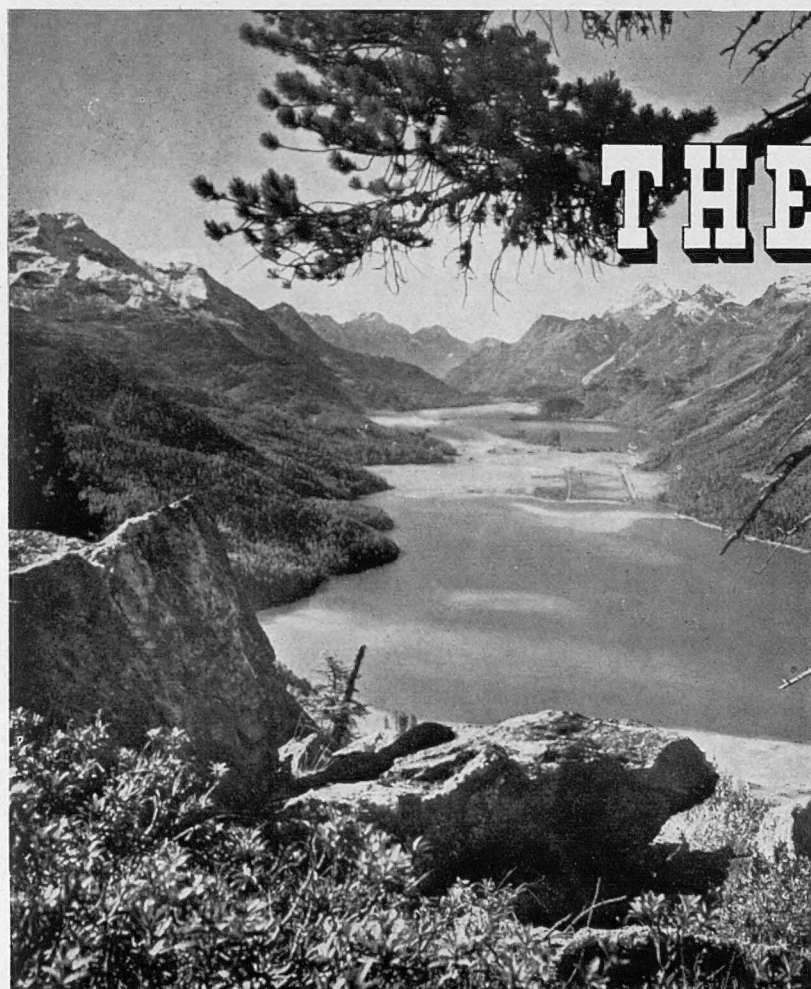
**Mar. 6 (Wed.)** Ash Wednesday.

Princess Margaret will visit the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

Racing at Ludlow.

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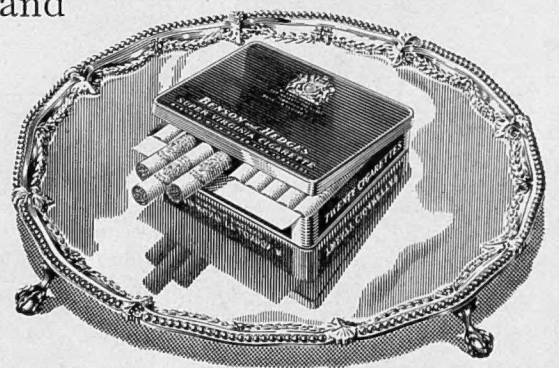
For further information and booklets apply to: your travel agents, the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London W.C.2, to either the Official Enquiry Offices of the above resorts or to the Grisons Tourist Office, Coire (Switzerland).



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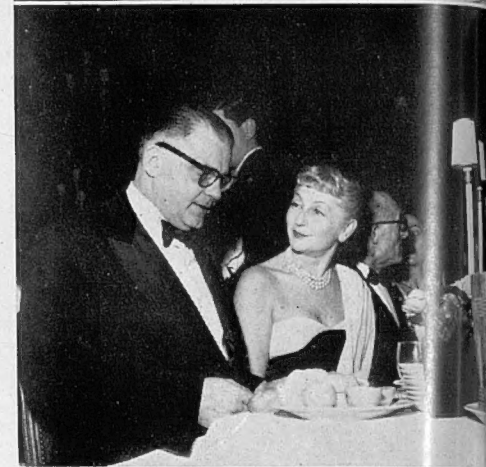
Clayton Evans

## The Queen's cousin and his family

THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES is seen with his wife and small son, Henry Ulick, who will be four years old in May. They are photographed in front of their home near Ascot, Fort Belvedere, which once belonged to the Duke of Windsor.

Since they started to live there in 1955, they have done much to make it a charming house. The Hon. Gerald Lascelles is the younger son of the Princess Royal, and the Earl of Harewood's brother. Mrs. Lascelles was formerly Miss Angela Dowding

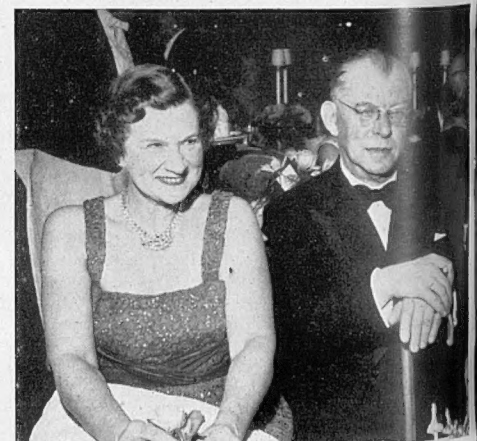
*Mr. Louis F. Thompson, U.S. Consul,  
and Mrs. John Kelly*



*M. Charles Simon talking to Mme.  
Pierre-Jean Moatti*



*Princess Violet of Montenegro and  
King Peter of Yugoslavia*



*Mrs. Claude Grahame-White and  
Sir Robert Ropner*



*Miss Doone Bingemann and Miss Susan Richter admiring some  
of the 17,000 roses which covered the ballroom*

## NIGHT OF A FAIRY-TALE IN MONACO

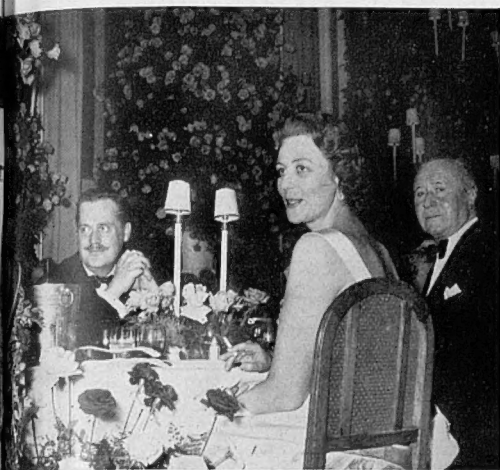
THE Rose Ball at the Winter Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, was again the highlight of the Riviera's winter season. More than a hundred violinists played waltzes (extreme right) among the 250 guests embowered in masses of roses

*Photographs by Desmond O'Neill*

*Mrs. Max Gottchalk, Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the pioneer  
aviator, Mme. Allan Loeb and Mr. Max Gottchalk*



*Comte and Comtesse d'Ailleres at a table with Capt. A. Mackintosh*



*Mr. Martin Albert Dale, U.S. Vice-Consul, and Miss Yi-An Chang*



*M. Pierre Rey with Mme. Louis de Monicault*

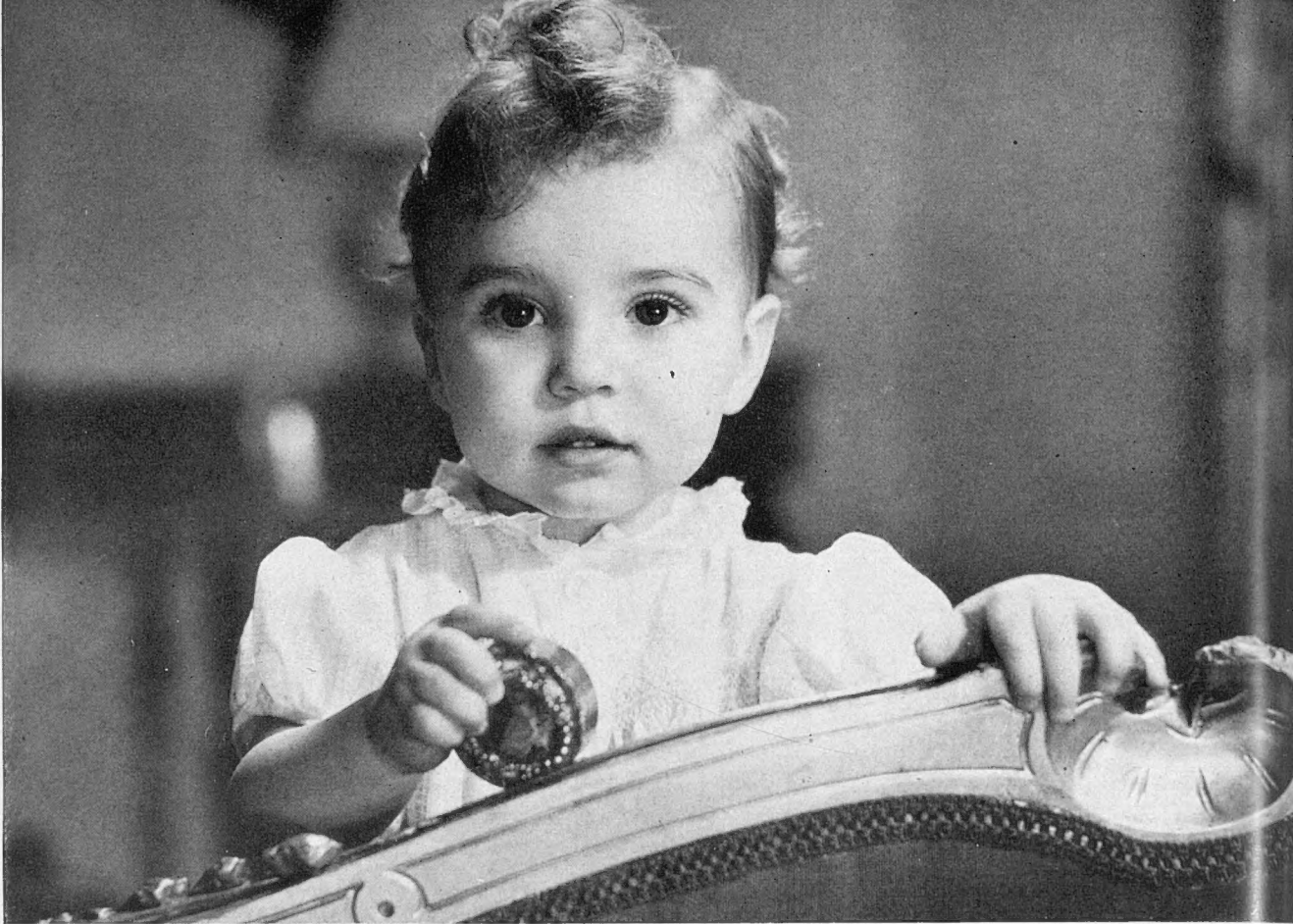


*Comtesse de Thurn Valsassina and M. Pierre-Jean Moatti*



## YOUNG MAN IN LONDON

JAMES SASSOON is the sixteen-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sassoon, of Radnor Place, W.2. Mrs. Sassoon is the daughter of the late Mr. E. Schiff and Mrs. Schiff, of Cadogan Sq., London, S.W.1



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### *Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

# MONTE CARLO'S ROSE BALL

I FLEW down to the South of France for forty-eight hours to attend one of the most beautiful spectacles I have ever seen. This was the Rose Ball held in the famous Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. I had heard that this was a wonderful affair, but had never dreamt of such a fairy-tale of beauty as this proved to be. André Levasseur had done the décor and used 17,000 fresh roses in various colours, arranged on a background of green foliage on the high mirrored walls, right up to the ceiling, with pink-shaded candle brackets to light them.

Hundreds were used to decorate the large chandeliers hanging from the ceilings; there were pillars of mixed roses on each side of the stage, and a nine-foot high pyramid of soft pink roses at the opposite end, at the back of the raised part of the restaurant, while bowls of them were on every dinner table, lit with pink-shaded candles. As you can imagine, the scent from these flowers was exquisite.

The dresses of the women guests, many designed by the big couturiers of London, Paris and Rome, lived up to the occasion and all seemed to have been chosen to blend softly into the picture. Half-way through dinner, 107 violinists (enlisted from Marseilles to San Remo) came down from the stage on to the dance floor and strolled among the dinner tables, playing Viennese waltzes and other nostalgic tunes reminiscent of those played at parties enjoyed by our grandparents in the Gay Nineties. It was a moment I shall always remember.

LATER, there was an excellent cabaret, including some very clever dancers, who did a ballet entitled, "Mimi la Rose," with Colette Marchand as the flower girl wearing a fascinating stole and skirt of roses. Then there was an amazing young juggler, Ugolini Frediani, who was like lightning in his movements, some skilful and amusing acrobats, and finally that very fine singer Wilma Lipp, from the Vienna Opera House, who sang several lilting melodies superbly.

Besides all this there was a great firework display, without which no gala in France or Monaco is complete! This time, they were in palest pink in compliment to the Rose Ball, and the reflection through the windows on to the long mirrors lit up the whole restaurant.

Many big parties were at the ball, which was—as are all galas at the Sporting Clubs in Monte Carlo—wonderfully organised by that great hotelier M. Broc. H.E. Ilhamy Hussein Pacha had a party including ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and his wife, who was looking very

attractive in a rather unusual dress with a white chiffon, off-the-shoulders top, a lemon ceinture and purple skirt, Princess Violet of Montenegro, Princess André Aga Khan, Mrs. Frank J. Gould, who is busy supervising the alterations and décor of the villa she has recently bought near Cannes, and M. and Mme. del Duca from Paris, the latter looking very chic in pale grey with magnificent rubies and diamonds. They have a very successful racing stable in France, and own that useful horse, Bewitched. When I was in Monte Carlo I saw Mme. del Duca have a nice run of luck in the Casino.

In the party with M. Pierre Rey, President of the Société des Bains de Mer at Monte Carlo, was Mrs. John Kelly, very well turned out in a topless black evening dress with a white ermine cape; she had come down from the Palace where she was staying with her son-in-law and daughter, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco. Also in this party were M. and Mme. de Monicault (he is the French Minister), Mr. Louis F. Thompson, the U.S. Consul, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dale—he is the U.S. Vice-Consul.

M. CHARLES SIMON had another party including M. Pierre-Jean Moatti, Préfet des Alpes-Maritimes, and his wife, M. and Mme. Michel Bavastro and Comtesse Thurn Valsassina. The Mayor of Monaco and M. Robert Boisson were in a party with la Baronne Quarles van Ufford.

Lady Smiley, looking very pretty in a black and white dress, was in M. Jacques Lefevre's party, which also included the Comtesse J. de Caraman, M. and Mme. Costa Vlasopoulos, and Mr. David Webster, the General Administrator of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, who was amazed and enchanted by the lovely spectacle.

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, as always one of the best-dressed women in the room, looking very chic in red, had a small party; among her guests were the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the Comte and Comtesse d'Aillères, and Capt. Ali Mackintosh. I saw Mme. Polovtsoff looking charming in white in a party with the Duca and Duchesa Visconti de Modroni—her husband, General Polovtsoff, a great personality of Monte Carlo for many years, was unfortunately ill with flu. Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, who wore a white satin crinoline with turquoise embroidery, also came alone, as Mr. Douglas Cleaver was laid up with a touch of bronchitis at their villa Les Falaises, at Cap d'Ail. She was with a party of friends, including M. and Mme. Léonidas Embricos—the latter in red with some lovely rubies and diamonds—

and the Marquis and Marquise de Malatina. Others present included M. and Mme. Joseph Berenger, M. Carlo Stagni, Mme. Stagni, Comte Anselmi (at one time the Italian Consul in Berlin), and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cotton.

Next morning, a congregation of several hundred went to the Cathedral of Monaco, where Monsignor Gilles Barthes, Bishop of Monaco, conducted a thanksgiving service in honour of the birth of the infant Princess Caroline. Prince Rainier was present, accompanied by Princess Grace, who was making her first public appearance since the birth of her baby. Although she had a slight cold in the head, she looked radiantly beautiful, her golden hair done in a pageboy style, and wearing a little emerald green hat with her magnificent mink coat.

Members of both families and of the Royal Household were present and heard the very beautiful Te Deum, composed by Lalande for the birth of Louis XV, being given for the first time in Monte Carlo. The singing, which was performed by a choir of 150 voices, was very beautiful. The christening of the infant Princess is planned for the first week in March.

For the two days I was there, Monte Carlo was bathed in glorious sunshine. On the second morning, after attending the early service at the English Church of St. Paul's, where the Rev. Bruce Beale officiates, I had my breakfast on the balcony of my bedroom overlooking the sea, and the sun was so hot at 9 a.m. that I had to wear dark glasses. I stayed as before at the Hotel de Paris, which is in every way superbly comfortable, and is, perhaps, thanks to the brilliance of M. Broc, the best-run hotel in the world. Even the telephone exchange is highly efficient—an asset not natural to many hotels I have visited in France!

**O**IL and petrol rationing does not seem to have affected this part of the world seriously, so far as visitors are concerned. The hotel, like the smaller Hermitage, has reverted to coke and coal for heating and was very cosy, while there is an ample allowance of petrol for those visitors wishing to run a car. Some friends I met had motored down, having been allowed enough petrol for the journey, while others were hiring cars (with or without a chauffeur) down there. They were able to go off to play golf or lunch at one of the enchanting little restaurants in the neighbouring countryside, and to go racing at the newly opened racecourse near Nice on Sunday afternoons, which I heard is very comfortable as you can lunch and watch the racing from your own table. The facilities for visiting motorists are, I was told, sure to continue and may possibly improve a great deal by the summer holiday season.

Among English friends I found enjoying a sunny change in Monte Carlo during my very brief visit were Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, who motored over for golf at Mougins both days, and Viscountess Downe,

who came out from Yorkshire and joined her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Scott, and Mr. Archie Scott. They were all staying at the Metropole Hotel, as were Sir Horace and Lady Evans, Sir Eric Mievill, Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, and the Earl and Countess of Mexborough. The latter, who is a very good lawn-tennis player, was enjoying playing at the country club at Monte Carlo, where they have seventeen fine hard courts. I also met the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, who told me of the beauty of a nearby flower market she had just visited, Lady Cayley in a very gay spring hat which she had worn at the Te Deum service in the Cathedral that morning, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Legard and Mrs. Lockwood, who had all—like Lady Cayley—come out from Yorkshire, and Lady Smiley, who was having her annual visit to Monte Carlo with her mother, Mrs. Beaton.

Lady Dynevor, looking very attractive, was enjoying the lovely sunshine—she was lunching with Sir Noel Charles when he motored over from his home at Château Neuf de Grasse, while Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine had motored over from Cannes and when I met them were accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Borthwick, and Mrs. McAlpine's brother-in-law and sister, Major and Mrs. Robert Hooper.

**L**ORD and Lady Sackville, whose lovely home, Knole Park in Kent, is now under the National Trust, were enjoying a few weeks here; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy were out in Monte Carlo, also Lord and Lady Bocket, whom I met with their pretty débutante daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist, who were both in tremendous form, and the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, who usually go much farther afield at this time of the year, and like others were delighted to find lovely sunshine so near home. The Comte and Comtesse Puchesse de Baguenault were down from Paris and staying at the Hotel de Paris.

Baron Rudolph Goldschmidt-Rothschild was here, also Canadian Mrs. D. Campbell, Senor S. Clark, who is Brazilian Minister at the Vatican, the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Lady Bateman, M. and Mme. del Duca, Lady Macleay and her sister, Mrs. Soames, and Mr. and Mrs. Van den Bergh. Sir Winston Churchill and his daughter Sarah were staying with friends in a villa near Monte Carlo, and after his return to England for a few days he was to be joined there by Lady Churchill. Another very game veteran, Lord Graves, was among Miss Gypsy Lawrence's guests at her villa near Mougins, where I heard Mrs. Sofer Whitburn has also bought a villa, having sold her previous one which was near Grasse.

Col. Carlton, the very charming secretary, told me that the golf

[Continued overleaf]



**The Royal Visit** to Portugal was commemorated by the chairman and directors of George G. Sandeman Sons with a private showing of historical associations with Portugal over the past 167 years. Above: Mrs. Timothy Sandeman, the Hon. Frederick Hennessy and Mrs. David Sandeman at this City party



Sir Norman Hulbert, M.P., with Sir Charles and Lady Petrie



Mr. Roylton Kisch, the conductor, and Mrs. Kisch



A. V. Swaebe  
Viscount and Viscountess Churchill  
were others there



Mr. Patrick Sandeman with the Lord Mayor

## SUNSHINE ON THE TAGUS

IN BRILLIANTLY sunny weather the Queen and Prince Philip step ashore in Lisbon from the royal barge, to be greeted by the President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, and Senhora Lopes. It was the auspicious start of their immensely successful visit to Britain's oldest ally



course at Mougins is playing well this season and among English visitors there recently, besides Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, whom I have already mentioned, were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Capt. and Mrs. Peter Hastings Bass, Col. Giles Loder, Mrs. Sydney Loder and Lord Whitburgh.

★ ★ ★

**B**EFORE I left for Monte Carlo I went to a delightfully gay and happy cocktail party at Claridge's. My host and hostess were that charming and very popular couple, Major and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien; the latter, who looked so youthful and pretty, I find hard to believe has two grown-up daughters, one already married. Their unmarried daughter, Miss Sheila O'Brien—a very attractive girl who was wearing a bright red dress—was there with her parents.

Guests included many interesting personalities from different spheres; the newspaper and literary world was well represented by Viscount Rothermere, his uncle Mr. Vyvyan Harmsworth with Mrs. Harmsworth, Lord and Lady Harmsworth, Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hodson, Mr. Francis Mathew, Mr. Douglas Woodruffe, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yoxall; he was soon leaving for a world tour. Members of Parliament I met included Sir Wavell Wakefield accompanied by his wife, Sir Alfred Bosson, Cdr. Grant-Ferris, and Mr. Neil Cooper-Key accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key.

Among representatives of the banking world I saw Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert and Mr. George Ritchie and his wife. The Diplomatic Corps was represented by the Deputy Marshal, Mr. Marcus Cheke, and

the Hon. Mrs. Cheke (he has recently been appointed our Minister to the Vatican), Sir George and Lady Rendel, Count di Thieni, the Italian Consul, Dr. Boniver, Commercial Counsellor at the Italian Embassy and his wife, and Lady Kelly, wife of Sir David Kelly, who was our Ambassador in Moscow from 1949-51. The medical profession was also well represented, and enjoying this very good party were that eminent physician Sir David Davies and Lady Davies, Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan, the well-known gynaecologist, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Smyth, Mr. Frank d'Abreu and Mr. Frank and Lady Freda Valentine; he is a professor at the London Hospital.

**M**AJOR AND MRS. O'BRIEN are both sailing enthusiasts, so I was not surprised to find several keen helmsmen there. These included Mr. Jack Raymond, Captain of the Dragon Class, Mr. Michael Crean and his attractive wife, Mr. Tommy Beddington, another Dragon enthusiast, Capt. Philip Colville, Lord Worsley who was sailing the Dragon Foil at Cowes last summer, and Mrs. Dreyfus, who owns the Sea Horse, and the six-metre class Thistle. Col. Ivo Reid of the Irish Guards was there with his wife, and I saw Sir Norman Gwatkin, always surrounded by friends, Sir Michael and Lady Adeane, Lady Illingworth talking to Mr. Peter French Davies, Sir Robert and Lady Knox, Mr. and Mrs. James Laver, Lord and Lady Dormer, Mr. Donald Fraser and his attractive French-born wife, the Earl of Gainsborough, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon, Col. and Mrs. Chandos Pole, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy, the Hon. Lady Sachs, Lord and Lady Pender, and the Garter Principal King of Arms, Sir George Bellew, with Lady Bellew.

IT was a gloriously sunny spring morning when guests arrived at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy for the midday marriage of Mr. John Glasse, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Glasse of Easton House, Corsham, Wilts, and Miss Margaret Graham, elder daughter of Mr. J. A. P. Graham and Mrs. Cecil Pim. The little chapel was decorated with purple lilac, blossom, tulips and other spring flowers. The ushers, who included Mr. Brian McDermott, Mr. Edward Hulse, Mr. Christopher Coote and Mr. Oliver Harris, had a busy time fitting in all the guests.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in a beautiful dress of pearl-tinted slipper satin, with a full train on which was laid some magnificent old lace. Her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was attended by two bridesmaids, her sister Miss Alexandra Graham and Miss Rosemary Taylor, who wore dresses of hyacinth blue taffeta with headdresses of mixed hyacinth petals. The Hon. Richard Long was best man.

After the ceremony there was a reception and fork luncheon in the first floor suite of reception rooms at the Guards Club in Charles Street. This was the first time such a function had taken place here since the club took over this fine house, which used to be the lovely home of one of the great Edwardian hostesses, the late Mrs. Ronnie Greville, who gave some brilliant parties here. The bride's mother, Mrs. Pim, looked charming in a blue corded silk dress with a little red hat. Unfortunately, the bridegroom's mother was ill in hospital and could not be present at the wedding, but I saw his father, Mr. John Glasse. The bride's stepfather, Col. Cecil Pim, proposed the health of the young couple after they had cut their wedding cake.

Among those who came to wish them happiness were the Dowager Viscountess Lee of Fareham, a cousin of the bride, Mrs. Leo Keith, her daughter, Mrs. John Beck, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell, who had come down from Yorkshire, American Mrs. Hays Kroner, over from Paris, and Mrs. Richard Dixon who, like Col. and Mrs. Pim, had an enchanting villa in the South of France, but has now returned to live in England. Also there were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence French, Lady McDougall and Mrs. Patrick Brunner, who told me her daughter, April, who is in her second year at Oxford, is acting with the O.U.D.S. this year. Among younger friends were Miss Sarah Rose (who like most young girls nowadays has begun a career; hers is helping a well-known interior decorator), also Mr. Richard Hulse, Miss Catherine Whittington-Moë, and Capt. Christopher Bonn. The bride and bridegroom later left for a ski-ing honeymoon in Kitzbühel.

★ ★ ★

FOR those who are planning their Easter holiday early, I hear from Le Touquet that the Beach Casino, which has been entirely rebuilt, will be open for Easter with, of course, the Casino de la Forêt, which so many have enjoyed during the past seasons. Morton Air Services are also running extra services during this holiday period from Croydon Airport to Le Touquet, with a return fare of £8 2s. This begins with a flight leaving at 6 p.m. on Thursday, April 18, which gets you over in comfortable time for dinner, and gives you a really long weekend if you can stay until the Tuesday morning.

★ ★ ★

THE Red Hat Ball, in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs at Kennington Oval, is to take place this year on April 25 at Grosvenor House. The Clubs need as usual £1,000 for their year's running expenses, and they also urgently require £5,000 to complete the appeal launched last year for the replacement of demolished accommodation and the extension of their activities. Half the cost of the project will be borne by the Ministry of Education, provided the appeals committee raise the extra £5,000. So a very big effort is being made to ensure that the ball is a bumper success and that a donation from it can be given to the appeal fund. Tickets for this event from the secretary, Miss Patricia Brewster, 47 Pont Street, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

FROM June 6 to July 6 there is to be an interesting exhibition of paintings by Chico Duncan at the Trafford Gallery in Mount Street. Chico Duncan (Mrs. Jonathan Duncan), who works and lives in Paris, is half American and half English, and had a very successful exhibition in New York last April and also one in Paris. Her paintings are fascinating "natures mortes" and flower paintings, tremendously original and beautifully executed in great detail. All the proceeds from the entrance money to this exhibition are very generously being donated to the Fund for Music Therapy for Hospital Patients.

Another event to raise money for this Fund is a children's fashion show on the afternoon of May 30, when children of well-known parents will show clothes by prominent makers. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft is president of the committee organizing this event, and the Countess of Besborough chairman, with Mrs. Beddington-Behrens, the Countess of Abingdon and Baroness Ruthven among a big committee.



## PICCADILLY DRAWINGS

THE TWENTY-FOURTH exhibition of paintings, drawings, engravings and sculpture by members of the National Society was held at the Royal Institute Galleries. Above, Miss K. Hosp and Mrs. C. Dreesmann

Mrs. Eileen Rorie and Miss Patricia Dale

Mr. A. Crookstone accompanied Mrs. V. Sale



Miss Wendy Bate and Miss Sarah Hollebone

Mrs. S. Dalziel and Mrs. L. Scholey

Desmond O'Neill



*Capt. J. H. Chadwick, who judged the races*

## NORTHERN EVENT

FOLLOWERS of coursing saw Ireland's Old Kentucky Minstrel beat the favourite in the Waterloo Cup at Altcar



*Miss Mary Ryan and Mr. Dick Ryan with  
Mr. Ben Dolphin's Old Kentucky Minstrel*



*Mr. M. F. Horlock talking to Lord and  
Lady Kenyon, from Shropshire*



*Mr. T. E. Murgatroyd and Lady Ohlson  
estimating points during a course*



*S/Ldr. J. Niven, Mr. G. B. Cary,  
Mr. N. Hardy, Mrs. L. Birley*



*Mr. Billy Nevitt with Sir Eric  
and Lady Ohlson*



*Mrs. R. Dennis watching with  
Col. James H. Dennis*



On waggon, Mr. J. Thomson, Sir George Mowbray, Bt., and Mr. R. A. Budgett; seated, Miss R. Mowbray, Miss E. Simonds and the Hon. W. Holland-Hibbert

Mr. John Mowbray and Miss Lavinia Hugonin

Miss Jane Lascelles was with Mr. Richard Mason



Mr. J. Thorne on Airmail IV and Mr. J. Webber on Ecart II in the Kindersley Cup

## BULLINGDON CHASES

THE first of the season's point-to-point steeplechases was the Oxford University Bullingdon Club's at Crowell, Berkshire



Lt.-Cdr. R. A. Lockhart-Smith, Miss A. Jewel and Mrs. Lockhart-Smith with the latter's Carrigrohane



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Anthony Bradford accompanied Miss Sarah Hayes



Miss Anne Grant and Mr John Stefanides



Mr. Erik Jensen and Miss Denia Wigram were chatting to Mr. Terence Bendixson



## THE CRESTA—GREATEST SPEED THRILL OF ALL



*DOUGLAS W. CONNOR (left) is the world champion and record holder for the Cresta Run (above). In three years he has won every major race he has entered. This year he has cut his run of 56.1 seconds, made in 1955, by a tenth of a second*

**A**LTHOUGH the famous Cresta Run is now known to every devotee of winter sports, its humble beginnings date back to the year 1885, when a small group of British sports enthusiasts, and their equally keen Swiss friends, first decided that snow and ice should be enjoyed, instead of shunned.

Back in those days, when snow was considered a hazard, the local inhabitants of St. Moritz used little wooden sleds, or luges. In addition to being used for normal village transport and carriage, there grew up the Sunday races between the owners of these little sleds. Snow paths, hazardous as they may have been, were constructed through the village streets to provide the competition run. To send Aunt Sarah flying, with her evening milk pail, was considered an occupational training risk.

But by the season of 1884-85, the Outdoor Amusements Committee of the Kulm Hotel decided that the time was ripe to construct a proper ice run. After much consideration, a suitable course was chosen and marked out down the steep gully that separates St. Moritz from the tiny village of Cresta. With minor variations, but with steadily improving constructional methods,

this 1,320-yard descent, dropping 514 feet through its ten major banks, has remained the same since that time.

Times of descent have not. The fastest time of 59.7 seconds established in the year 1905 has been lowered to 56.1 seconds from Top and to 44.6 seconds from the auxiliary starting point of Junction. Both these current records were established by the author in 1955. Today this gleaming, wicked ribbon of ice now hurtles riders down at an average speed of nearly fifty miles per hour and an all out top speed at the finishing tape in excess of 85 miles per hour. With the rider's nose only six inches from the ice, it is readily understandable why today Cresta riding has become the fastest and most thrilling of all winter sports.

**D**UE to this supreme sensation of personal speed and to the fact that the Cresta run lies in the jewel of the sun-bathed Engadine valley, thrill-seeking sportsmen have been attracted from all points of the globe to pit their individual prowess, not only against each other, but against that most impartial of all umpires, the stop-watch and the second hand.

The current roll-call of today's riders—the Hon. B. L. Bathurst, London; J. T. Schlesinger, Johannesburg; Paul Arnold, Miami; Claude Cartier, New York; the Marquis de Portago, Spain; Prince Constantin von Liechtenstein; Cdr. David Loram, R.N.; Air/Cdre. R. Ramsey-Rae, R.A.F.; E. G. Nelson, Hawaii; K. Taskent, Istanbul; Robbi and Hans Kuederli, Basle—attracts to the international fame and flavour that Cresta riding now enjoys.

In spite of the terrific speeds attained on the run, it is comparatively free from major accidents. This is due to the sound and practised operational technique laid down by the executive committee of the S.M.T.C., whose members include the beloved past-president and still active rider, Lord Brabazon of Tara, who has always taken, and still does, the greatest interest in the Run.

This operational technique is the responsibility of the club secretary, Mr. Fairchild MacCarthy, of Boston, who, with his crew of ten workmen stationed at strategic points along the run, with whom he is in constant telephonic communication, assures the rapid and safe dispatch of riders to the bottom and the return to Top with their skeletons by truck.

This so-called "skeleton" is made by welding two tubular steel runners to a rugged steel frame, along which slides a seat no larger than a good-sized sirloin. The object of this foam-rubber sliding seat is to absorb for the rider as much shock and vision-killing vibration as possible and to enable him to control the skeleton more effectively in the high-speed turns by sliding rearwards on it, thus shifting his weight on to the short knife edges at the rear of the runners. An average skeleton, weighted with lead, weighs about 150 pounds and measures one metre in length by forty centimetres wide.

**K**NIGHTS of old were no better protected against the hazards of their profession than is today's Cresta rider. His gear, when he takes the final plunge on to the bucking bronco previously referred to as a skeleton, consists of spiked boots to the toes of which are attached steel rakes, knee pads, elbow pads, aviator's helmet with chin guard, and steel-covered hand protectors.

In spite of this protection, badly swollen hands, from tapping the ice wall at 80 m.p.h., or battered faces, from falls at the notorious Shuttlecock or Charybdis corners, do emerge.

But considering the constantly increasing number of riders who each day pit their skill against the run and their competitors, these minor damages are no more than occupational risks, far outweighed by the satisfaction of negotiating this formidable descent.

Many riders have come to try the Cresta from other more dangerous against-time sports and professions. S/Ldr. Neville Duke, famous British test pilot, was recently one of these. "I was never so frightened in my life," were his first audible words as he ground to a halt at the end of the run. But Neville, like all who come to ride this unique run, was heard muttering, "If only I hadn't raked so hard and taken that corner too late" as he prepared for his next descent.

This "next time" is the driving force that turns an ordinary man into a fanatic who will eat, sleep and dream "Cresta" with the sole object of winning from Father Time some of his most precious commodity—tenths of seconds.



*Above: the Marquis de Portago lunging on to his skeleton at the start of a Cresta descent*



*Left: The Hon. Mark Tennyson (centre) about to start, while F/Lt. K. Williamson fixes a steel guard*



*Below: Cdr. David Loram, R.N., is caught speeding on the banked turn through Bulpetts*



## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

THERE must be some profound social or national significance—if only I could think what it is—in the way the voting went at the Travellers' Club in Paris over whether to admit women guests.

Only one vote separated the two factions, I hear, for and against, but the really interesting fact is that it was almost entirely the American and the British members who voted for admitting women, and the French members were pretty well unanimous in voting against. It was the French last-ditchers, by the way, who ended one vote up, but the committee is to make a cautious experiment all the same, admitting women on one evening a week.

A cynical Parisian friend of mine explains the French members' attitude by suggesting that they find a club for men only a very useful excuse for going out of an evening without their wives—and perhaps never showing up at the club either, though their wives are not to know that.

Personally, I am not so sure. My own experience of clubs in foreign capitals is that their members are more English than the English in their attitude to club life, and hence the manifestation in the Frenchmen of the spirit of Verdun: "*elles ne passeront pas!*"

I can imagine a senior member, his white hair *en brosse*, and

with the rosette of an order in his buttonhole, emulating that Englishman of a generation ago immortalized by Bernard Darwin, who put his head round the door during the general meeting of a London club that was up against it, and cried, "Another guinea a year, gentlemen! Isn't it worth that to keep the women out?"

NOWADAYS, as we all well know, more London clubs admit women than don't, if only to their annexes, and the younger members would feel vexed if the privilege were denied them. But in Rome and Paris and Brussels, and—for all I know—in New York, they ape the ancient ways: the Pall Mall clubs that they used to hear about in their youth were masculine preserves—"worldly monasteries," someone once called them—and so shall their own be.

It seems odd now to think that there was a time in Queen Victoria's days when a London club was not really certain whether members could entertain women guests or not. The committee of the Union, in 1867, having admitted guests to dinner, without specifying their permitted sex, had to tell an outraged member—a general no less—who complained of finding two ladies sipping wine and nibbling biscuits in the

strangers' room, that "it felt unable to interfere in such a matter unless the introduction of the fair sex became a matter of such frequency as to inconvenience members."

It must have been after that, but before our more easygoing age, that the anonymous bachelor used to sing, "Club, sweet club; there's no place like club."

★ ★ ★

FREDDY LONSDALE was not only one of the wittier playwrights of our time but must have been one of the most engaging of characters. I have been reading an amused, affectionate yet remarkably clear-sighted book about him by his daughter, Mrs. Donaldson, who remembers, or has discovered, a great deal about her fascinating feckless father but never—it would seem—what he and her mother lived on in the Edwardian years when he was trying to get theatre managements to put on one of his plays.

Once at least, she records, they were nearly starving, but there are two versions of how they kept themselves alive. Freddy's widow recalls that they ate porridge for every meal—breakfast, luncheon and dinner—explaining to their anxious landlady that they really preferred it to meat or, indeed, to anything else.

Her father, though, used to tell a different tale. He used to patronize a butcher's shop where pieces of meat were displayed on a marble slab. Freddy would wait until the shop was full and the man behind the counter busy; drop his folded newspaper on to the slab; wait for a while and then, still unserved, pick up his paper with a gesture of impatience, and walk out. Once round the corner, he would take to his heels and then deliver to his wife the beefsteak that nestled coyly within the newspaper.

★ ★ ★

As long as I can remember, I have admired and envied Ambrose Heath's knowledgeability about food, but I join issue with him over one statement in his pretty new booklet on *English Cheeses Of The North*, which the English Country Cheese Council has just published through Harraps.

In it he suggests that Blue Cheshire is a long-keeping farmhouse cheese that used to be made, deliberately, and is now made no longer. But I learned last year, in a tour of the farms that had been winning prizes with their farmhouse Cheshires, that the blue cheese of the county is a freak—that, unlike Stilton, it is never meant to be blue, but goes that way occasionally, and by accident. Nobody has isolated the bacillus that brings about the transformation.

One farmer, indeed, boasted that no Blue Cheshire had ever been produced on *his* farm, he was happy to say!



MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is portrayed in this head by the Hon. John Harvey, younger son of Lord Harvey of Tasburgh. It was shown at the Leicester Galleries last year, and this sculptor has also exhibited his work in Paris

Myself, I find a good Blue Cheshire as splendid as a fine English cheese can be, and there are some about, even if Mr. Heath has not recently come across them. But they are less frequent than Stiltons, and there are bad ones about as well as good ones. My Cheshire farmer hinted at dark doings in the cellars of Northwich or Nantwich or Middlewich, with unscrupulous middlemen doing their damndest to induce a blue veining in cheeses rejected by their makers as bringing discredit on the two noble and related families of Red Cheshire and White.

Although I differ from the author over this particular cheese, I agree wholeheartedly with his condemnation of the plying of part-worn Stiltons with port. The wine does nothing to the flavour of the princely cheese: it merely makes wet what has been dry. And if Stilton has gone so dry that it needs moistening, then it is no longer, in my opinion, fit to eat.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a comment it is on the march of material progress that it now takes ten minutes longer to get from the middle of London to the middle of Paris, using the

air services, than it did a quarter of a century ago!

B.E.A.'s new turbo-prop Viscounts do the actual flight, from airport to airport, in fifty minutes less flying time than the old Imperial Airways Hannibals of the nineteen-thirties, but there is now so much more waiting about at the airports, and the route between the centre of each city to its airport is so much more clotted with traffic, that the fifty minutes' advantage in the air is swallowed up by the sixty minutes on the ground. In 1931 the passengers on a trial flight in the Hannibal travelled from Piccadilly to the place de l'Opéra in three hours and twenty minutes; today, from centre to centre takes no less than three hours and a half.

Nor is there in evidence much enthusiasm to improve on this poor showing. The economics of fast airport-to-city transport seem to rank among the insoluble problems of our age.

Another milestone in the march of mankind—but this one, perhaps, is on the right road—is that B.O.A.C. have decided to replace the new fast Douglasses on the transatlantic route with the rather slower Stratocruisers they had been using until the end of last year.

The faster machines are to go on to the tourist service; the slower ones, which are bigger—big enough, in fact, to have a bar—are to go back on the first-class London-New York trip. An official of the airline said, "The time has now arrived in air travel when speed has become a secondary factor. Passengers want more comfort and more room to move about." And very sensible, too, say I.

BRIGGS

by Graham



Lt.-Col. A. V. C. Roberts  
and Mrs. RobertsMajor and Mrs. Hereward  
Wake, the hostsMiss Susan Page and Mr.  
Charles Allen dancingMr. Charles Smith-Bingham  
partnered his wife

## COURTEENHALL BALL

ELEGANT COURTEENHALL, near Northampton, was the lovely setting for the Grafton Hunt Ball with 350 guests. Among them were (above) Miss Jane Weld, Mr. Michael Elwes, Miss Magdalen Weld and Mr. Julian Roberts

*The Hon. Mrs. T. Hazlerigg and Lt.-Col. Toby  
Wheatherly*



*Capt. A. J. Cubitt was sitting out with Mrs. Cubitt*

*Mr. Ronald Andjel and Miss Miriam Conry in  
the champagne bar*

Desmond O'Neill



# VALENTINE DANCE

LADY CECIL DOUGLAS, Denisa Lady Newborough and Mrs. Wilfrid Durose gave a dance for their debutante daughters, Miss Susan Douglas, the Hon. Juno Wynn and Miss Honor Durose at 8 Lennox Gardens, S.W.1



*Mr. Tony Sabey was in conversation with Miss Jennifer Maller*



*Miss Susan Douglas, Miss Honor Durose, Miss Katrin Bernstiel and the Hon. Juno Wynn awaiting the guests*



*Mr. Ainsley Cole, Miss Elisabeth Grimston, Miss Gloria Kindersley and Mr. Alan Morris*

*Miss Patricia Rawlings, Mrs. L. Rawlings, Mr. Tim Steele, Miss Joanna Hirsch*

*Art. Swaabe*



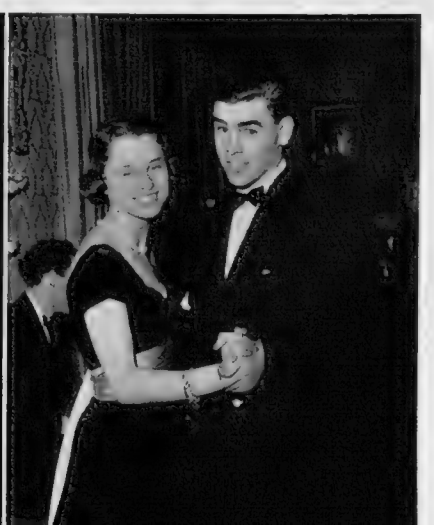
*Mr. David Rooke talking to Miss Wendy Appleton*

*Miss Mary Hays and Lt. Peter Godley, R.N.*



*Mr. Clinton Henshaw and Lady Caroline Giffard*

*Miss Beatrice Hulanicki and Mr. Rony Porter*





### Priscilla in Paris

## THE YOUTHFUL PRODIGES

PARIS boasts of two celebrities who bear the same initials. Neither is yet thirty. Both are married and both count their earnings in millions. To both, also, can inquiries be made anent their "latest picture," but they differ in their replies. One answers with a smile; the other is inclined to scowl. The initials are: "B.B." They are Brigitte Bardot, the film star, and Bernard Buffet, the artist.

Possibly it is because they are so successful in their different spheres that certain critics clamour for a change. Critics do not like youngsters to succeed too quickly. It is suggested that the exquisite Bardot might cease to be an *enfant terrible*, while the sombre Buffet is requested to add a touch of crimson to his dolorous palette. Such nonsense, of course! Why demand sudden changes when the years will bring them about inevitably? Already it is intimated that Madame Bardot is reading the poets. This is good news if it makes her happy. What makes me happy is to see her, as a magazine cover girl (I have yet to see her films), cuddling a kitten. It is difficult to decide which is the girl and which is the kitten. They are both so utterly adorable.

If Bernard Buffet sees Paris with empty streets, a grim, grey, ghost city built of piano keys and dominoes, if he dazzles us with the virtuosity of his perspectives, if he is able to sell all his pictures, even before the exhibition is open, at the fixed price of one million francs apiece, why complain? He has every right to do without a tricolour fluttering on the place de la Bastille if he pleases.

AFTER all he probably did not paint it on July 14. Besides he also tends to change. He may not have reached the flag phase yet, but there is a distinct flush of rose over his "Place Des Vosges." To quote from the enchanting verses with which Louise de Vilmorin comments on this exhibition at the David Garnier gallery:

... "Et le temps se repose  
A l'Ombre des arcade's  
Où le silence est rose."

What more can one ask for?

Of all the smaller troubles that this lovely city suffers from, one of the most annoying was the gas shortage brought about by the strike that more or less miscarried recently. So unsatisfactory for everybody. When menaced by a strike it is better to have it and get it over (like measles in a nursery). I have lived, at times,



## A Royal couple in Versailles

MR. AND MRS. KARAGEORGEVIC, as Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia and his wife (formerly Maria Pia of Savoy) are now known, have made their home on the Saint Antoine Boulevard in Versailles. It is one of the many villas which have sprung up around the stately palace built by Louis XIV. Mr. and Mrs. Karageorgevic have taken a great interest in the decoration of their house, and have introduced many modern touches into it



MRS. DRACOPOULOS, formerly Miss Helen Mercati, daughter of Count and Countess Leonardo Mercati, is seen after her wedding in Athens to Mr. Costi Dracopoulos, who is the nephew of Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the shipowner

without a bathroom. Motoring in France I have often spent a night in small hotels where one washes, rather on the instalment plan, in basins not much larger than a Christmas pudding bowl. Such occurrences are as nothing to the exasperation of being in a proper-to-goodness bathroom and watching a trickle of tepid water seep from a gleaming tap.

There is also the horror of having friends to lunch when the oven of the gas stove is competing with the refrigerator. But that was Josephine's fault. What possessed her to decide on a cheese *soufflé* as an entrée when we *might* have had a chafing dish meal? "If"—she retaliated when I made the remark—"there had been one *petite* drop of methylated for the spirit lamp!" How tiresome Josephine can be at times!

I do not always write about the City Fathers with veneration, but there is a City Mother whom I greatly respect. She is Madame Alexandre Debray and it is thanks to her that this lovely city is not always so untidy as some of its inhabitants seem to wish. Mme. Debray's latest request is for wastepaper receptacles at ALL the bus stops! This is an excellent idea, but it needs something more: an *agent de police* by each one, to see that it is made use of!

"Waste paper!" The two little words remind me of a slim sheaf of papers, bound in blue morocco, richly tooled with gold, that I held in my hands recently for a few thrilling moments. My pulse quickened and my eyes blurred so that I could hardly see the spidery, faded writing on the thin paper. They were love letters, written by Madame du Barry, four years after the death of Louis XV, at her little *château de Louveciennes*. How lonely and sad the lovely, vulgar, empty-headed creature must have been.

At Prunay, only a few kilometres away, lived Lord Henry Seymour, British Ambassador to France. It was to him that the thirty-nine letters, dating over a period of two years (1778-80) were written. Thirteen years later the Comtesse du Barry, née Jeanne Poisson, was to die, shrieking with terror, under the knife of the guillotine.

I wonder why, and how, those letters—described in the sales catalogue as "somewhat frivolous"—found their way under the auctioneer's hammer?

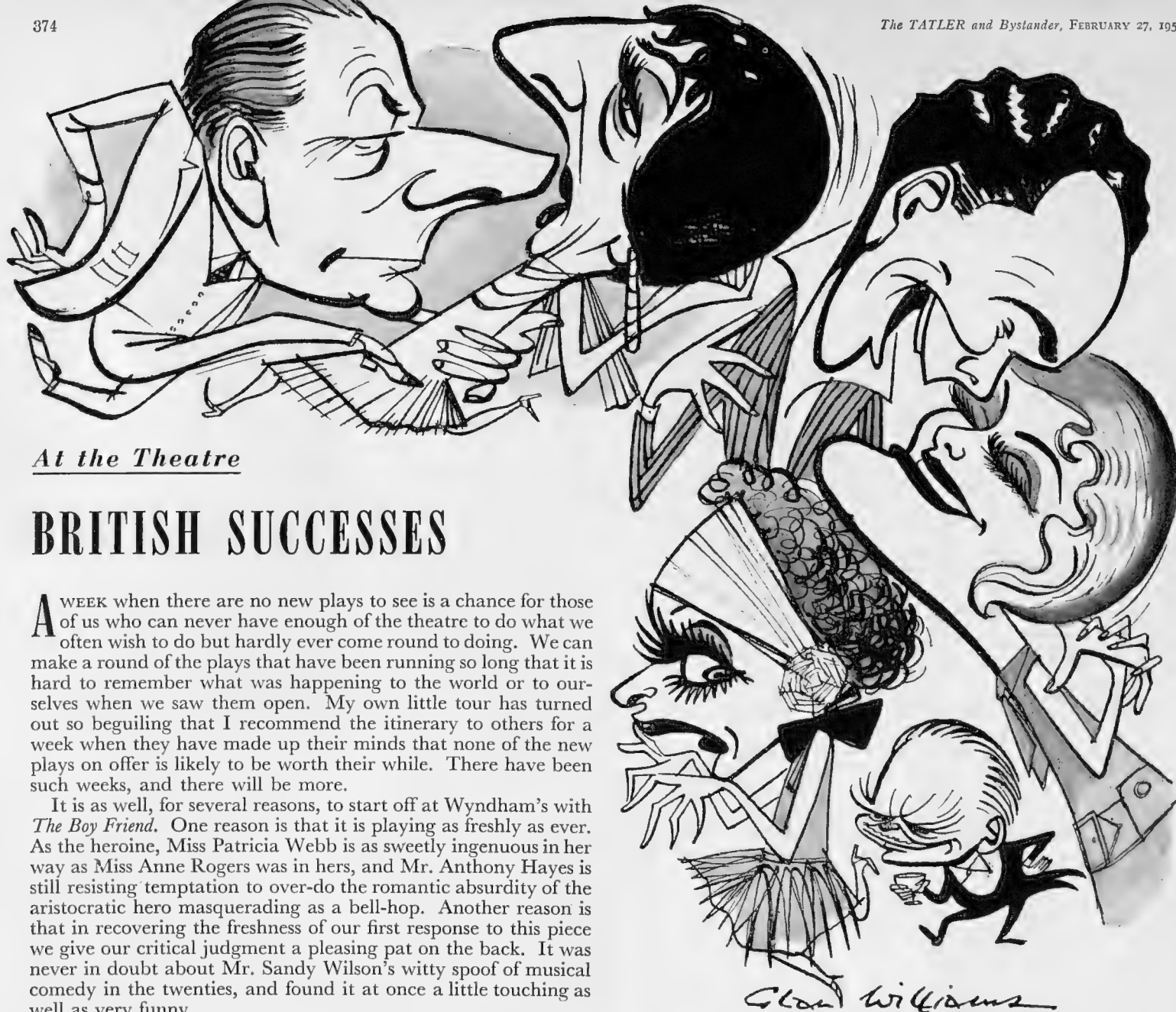
### Plat de nos jours

• Babbity (aged five), who picks herself up after having fallen, rather heavily, on the paved kitchen floor: "Mummie, aren't you glad I'm not a plate?"

ISABELLE EBER, a French actress whose most recent films, "The Poisoner" and "Night Raid," will be seen in England shortly, is now under contract to Astarte Films. She is also to star in a forthcoming stage play in Paris

Fred Daniels





## At the Theatre

# BRITISH SUCCESSES

A WEEK when there are no new plays to see is a chance for those of us who can never have enough of the theatre to do what we often wish to do but hardly ever come round to doing. We can make a round of the plays that have been running so long that it is hard to remember what was happening to the world or to ourselves when we saw them open. My own little tour has turned out so beguiling that I recommend the itinerary to others for a week when they have made up their minds that none of the new plays on offer is likely to be worth their while. There have been such weeks, and there will be more.

It is as well, for several reasons, to start off at Wyndham's with *The Boy Friend*. One reason is that it is playing as freshly as ever. As the heroine, Miss Patricia Webb is as sweetly ingenuous in her way as Miss Anne Rogers was in hers, and Mr. Anthony Hayes is still resisting temptation to over-do the romantic absurdity of the aristocratic hero masquerading as a bell-hop. Another reason is that in recovering the freshness of our first response to this piece we give our critical judgment a pleasing pat on the back. It was never in doubt about Mr. Sandy Wilson's witty spoof of musical comedy in the twenties, and found it at once a little touching as well as very funny.

To find after all this time "its squealing ingénues, its mincing idiocies, its piercingly obvious repartees" achieving this double effect cheers us up no end. How right we were to acclaim a show based on a small but genuinely happy inspiration and on a production by Miss Vida Hope which had spared no sort of trouble to authenticate the period insipidities that were to be geyed.

Coming to *Salad Days* at the Vaudeville we again encounter inspiration, but one different in kind and one, as we remember, that took critical judgment rather by surprise. Was it possible that a whimsy about a magic piano which sets everybody dancing with the joy of spring and youth should captivate the sophisticated town? Now we find ourselves joining the town in its strange captivity. We listen again to Mr. Julian Slade's easy-flowing tunes; we note that Miss Dorothy Reynold, his co-author, added just the right quantity of vinegar to the salad; we much relish Mr. Newton Blick's beaky but affable comedy; Mr. John Warner's artless caperings set our knees jiggling; and we comfortably admit that if there was a modern mood of innocence waiting to be tapped, this was the piece to do the tapping.

*Sailor Beware*, at the Strand, is almost as old as the comic theatre itself, but it is a long time since the old Ma-in-law joke has been so thoroughly revitalized. I found no difficulty whatever in enjoying for the second time Miss Peggy Mount's performance of Ma Hornett, a mother-in-law so terrible even in prospect that any hope of taming her only becomes possible after the desperate sailor has jilted her daughter. The inner beauty of Miss Mount's playing is that she never forgets that there is something human and almost

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's Theatre). Even with new members in the cast the original flavour has been preserved, and top left Percival Browne (Fred Stone) continues his chase of Mme. Dubonnet (Joan Sterndale Bennett) while Tony (Anthony Hayes) flirts with Polly (Patricia Webb). Below them, Lord Brockenhurst (John Rutland) pursues Dulcie (Maria Charles). Bottom, Hortense (Violetta) is French in an English way. Drawings by Glan Williams

likeable in the termagant. That is why she can never leave the stage without our wishing for her return.

It is noticeable that none of these three productions owes its success to well-known metropolitan names; they are all triumphs of team work, the teams consisting with few alterations of the original repertory companies which first put them on the stage.

At the Whitehall a metropolitan team—Mr. Brian Rix, Mr. Larry Noble and Mr. Basil Lord—are at work, and have been at work for the best part of three years, in *Dry Rot*. This is a farce which insults the intelligence at every turn, but hardly ever irritates it. Miss Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*, in its four years' run at the Ambassadors, has worn out the whole cast.

Even Mr. Patrick Doonan, a veteran compared with the rest, has played in only 1,100 of its 1,500 performances. But it is well served still and stands up surprisingly to a second visit. And for those who might be able to make a full week among the long runners there is always *The Crazy Gang*, who have been running more or less continuously for twenty-five years.

—Anthony Cookman





## A YOUTHFUL CLEOPATRA

MARGARET WHITING trained at R.A.D.A. and, after a year with the Liverpool Repertory Company, made her West End debut in "Uncertain Joy," followed by "Darkling Child." Last August she joined the Old Vic, where she will play Cleopatra to Keith Michell's Antony, beginning on March 5

*Photograph by Vivienne*



Miss Helen Bunney, Mr. Michael Baldwin, Miss Patricia Scott, Mr. Colin Mackenzie, Miss Barbara Grey and Mr. Kegan Smith

Desmond O'Neill

## MUSIC LOVERS GATHERED AT A PARK LANE BALL

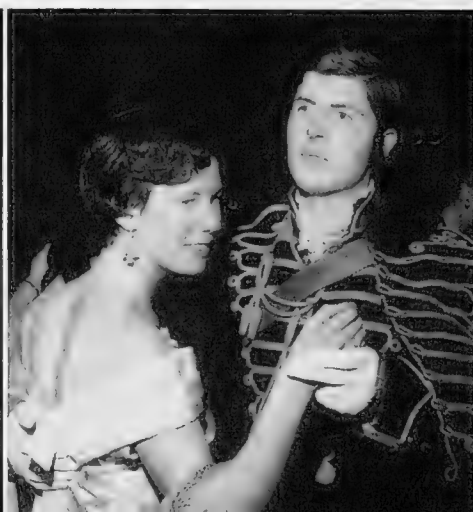
NEARLY three hundred guests dressed to represent characters from opera took part in three fancy dress parades at the 1957 Opera Ball at the Dorchester, which was organized by the English Opera Group. The chairman of the Ball Committee was the

Countess of Harewood, who came dressed as Tatiana from "Eugene Onegin." Donald Swann and Michael Flanders provided a very amusing cabaret, and Mme. Maria Callas, Benjamin Britten and Hardy Amies judged the costumes, which were of a high standard

Miss Catherine Michell and  
Mr. Richard English

Mrs. Bennett dancing with  
Mr. John Bennett

Mr. Peter Askonas and Mrs.  
Sylvia Desfours



The Earl of  
M. s Pau

Miss Merianne  
Harry

accompan-  
Primrose

Mrs. Evelyn Hart talking to  
Mr. Arnold Haskell

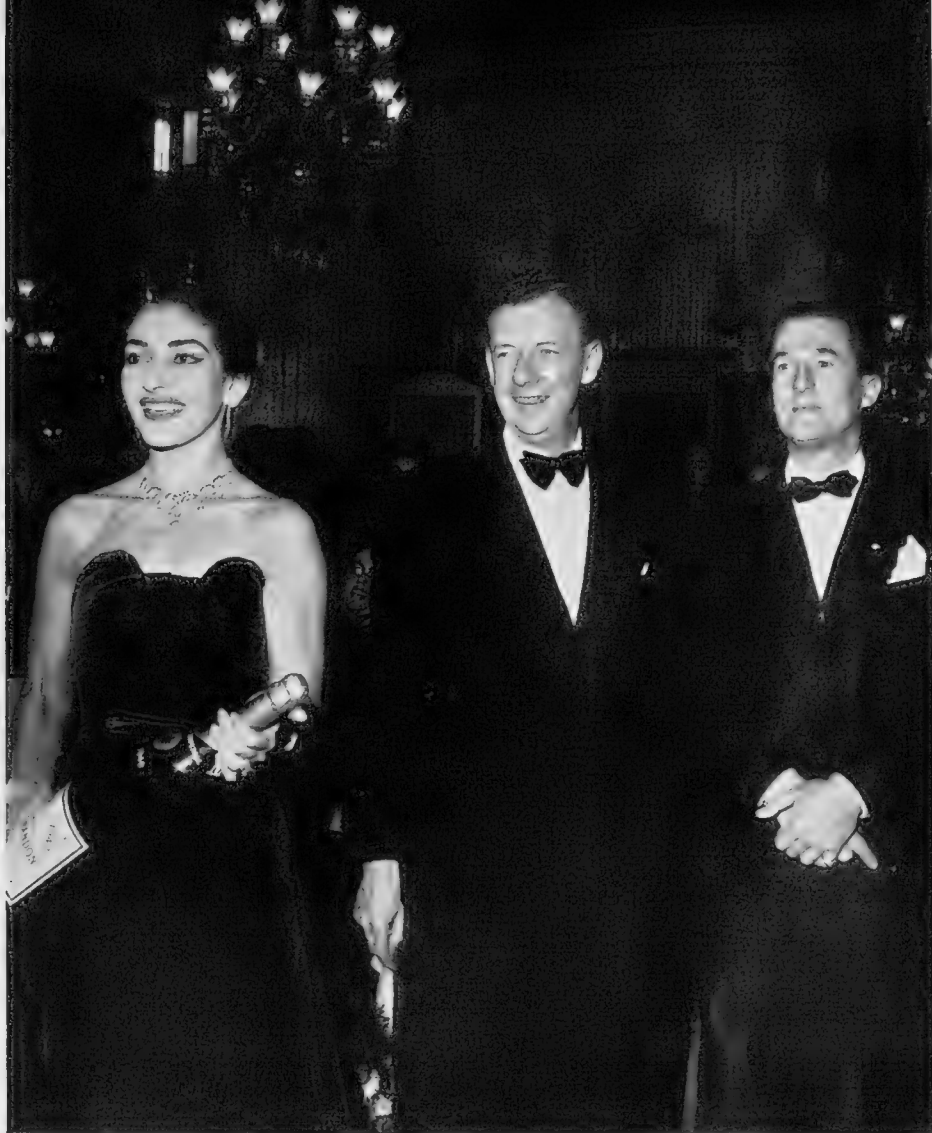


arewood and  
Vogelpoc

Lady Grantley and Mr. Jonathan  
Guinness

Causlan. with Mr.  
re-Gord

Miss Sally Pasmore partnered by Mr.  
Peter Johnson



Mme. Maria Callas, Mr. Benjamin Britten and Mr. Hardy  
Amies presenting the prizes

Mrs. Pamela Hill dancing with Mr.  
Carl Bonn



ELVI HALE has just made her first film, *True As A Turtle*. This is an exhilarating comedy of an oddly assorted crew at sea aboard a vintage yacht. John Gregson, June Thorburn and Cecil Parker lead a fine British cast which includes Keith Michell, in a landlubbery sailing venture



At the Pictures

Elspeth Grant

## LATIN FIRE SCORCHES AN ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD

SOPHIA LOREN, one of Italy's sultry beauties, plays a bewitching fishwife in *Scandal In Sorrento*. Vittorio de Sica is as versatile as ever as the Maresciallo Carotenuto, a dashing officer in the Carabinieri who falls under Miss Loren's spell in this comedy of the Italian seaside



THERE is a type of novel which the late Mr. James Agate described as "a bosom-clasper." It is usually written by a woman for women and is believed to give a good deal of innocent pleasure to romantic spinsters—who, with starry eyes and throbbing hearts, plunge through its purple passages to the rosy ending, there to share (vicariously) with the heroine the thrilling moment when the strong-armed hero presses her to his manly breast.

I gather from *The Passionate Stranger* that the "bosom-clasper" is as easy to write as it is to read: anyway Miss Margaret Leighton, a successful novelettist in this entertaining piece, rattles one off so quickly that it's as if she had shaken it out of her sleeve. She is married to a scientist, Sir Ralph Richardson, whom polio has confined to a wheelchair; they have a pleasant house, a cook (Miss Marjorie Rhodes) and a hard-working, shy blonde mouse of a maid (Miss Patricia Dainton)—and they acquire a new, handsome Italian chauffeur (Signor Carlo Justini), whose presence inspires Miss Leighton to write another book, *The Passionate Stranger*.

It is only unfortunate that Signor Justini is her first reader. Finding the manuscript in the back of the car, he dips idly into it. The screen, which has hitherto been black and white, blossoms into colour as the palpitating story (surely cribbed from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*?) unfolds and the enthralled young man identifies, under their over-lay of melodrama and glamour, all the principal characters: the amorous blonde maid (Miss Dainton), the embittered, wheelchair-bound scientist (Sir Ralph), his beautiful, frustrated wife (Miss Leighton) and the handsome Italian chauffeur (Signor Justini) with whom she has a brief but scorching affair.

The screen returns to black and white but Signor Justini clearly believes that real life should be every bit as colourful as fiction: his efforts to make it so cause the bewildered Miss Leighton acutest embarrassment. The final sequences drag a little—one feels that Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Box stumbled slightly over the ending of their screenplay—but the central idea is a good one and,

under Mrs. Box's direction, all the players give admirable performances in their amusingly contrasted dual rôles. Miss Leighton's clothes, from Mr. Norman Hartnell, are liable to turn any woman emerald-green with envy.

MRS. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE's poisonous play, *The Women*, first filmed in 1939 with the Misses Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell as its stars, has been re-filmed as *The Opposite Sex*—with the Misses June Allyson, Joan Collins and Dolores Gray in the leading rôles. Songs, dances, CinemaScope and Metrocolor do nothing to make it more palatable or less lethal.

Fastening her talons on the spoilt, leisured ladies of Manhattan, Mrs. Luce holds them up to contempt as an odiously predatory bunch—avid collectors of husbands and mink, ardent disseminators of malicious gossip, devoid of morals, incapable of love or loyalty.

Miss Allyson, as a nice woman, has been happily married for ten years but at the drop of a hint that her husband is trifling with a vulgar chorus girl (Miss Collins), she romps off to Reno to divorce him. Once he is married to Miss Collins, Miss Allyson experiences regret. On the advice of her friends, who urge her to "stop being so nice," she throws her decent principles overboard and, resorting to the low-down tactics of the others, wins her husband back. It seems that a reasonably scrupulous woman simply can't survive among Manhattan's harpies: this is surely a somewhat depressing thought.

Miss Ann Sheridan is beautifully cool and detached as an observant playwright (Mrs. Luce?) and Miss Gray is wonderfully vicious as the glad bearer of bad news. The production is lavish in the extreme—and you can have it.

THE setting of *La Traversée De Paris* is the French capital in 1942. The Germans are in occupation, food is short and the black market flourishes furtively. One dark night M. Jean Gabin, a successful painter, and M. Bourvil, a shabby small-time racketeer, set out together to carry a load of freshly killed pork from one side of the city to the other.

En route M. Gabin, who has accepted the job as a joke, enjoys himself considerably—exercising great ingenuity in every emergency and roundly denouncing his fellow citizens for the way they knuckle under to the invader. But when the adventure ceases to be a joke and he and M. Bourvil are caught, M. Gabin is willing to accept a favour at the hands of a cultured German major: for the sake of his art, M. Gabin is allowed to go scot-free, while his companion is sent to a labour camp.

There is a bitter humour about the film, which M. Claude Autant-Lara has directed beautifully, and both M. Gabin and M. Bourvil give superlative performances.

EVERY discomfort that could conceivably be endured by a honeymoon couple aboard a small, over-crowded yacht is endured by Miss June Thorburn and Mr. John Gregson in *True As A Turtle*—a slight British comedy directed by Miss Wendy Toye. Mr. Cecil Parker is the yacht-owner we have all encountered—a perfect dear ashore but a fiend afloat; Miss Avis Landone is resolutely cheerful as his wife, for ever making tea—and Miss Elvi Hale, a charming newcomer to the screen, plays a sophisticated miss with an aplomb and a sparkle quite unusual in our young actresses.

The seascapes are pleasing to the eye, the photography excellent. In fact there's only one thing wrong with the film: it's all so darn' predictable.

CRUSADING Hollywood has set out in *Slander* to wage war against the scandal magazines which regale the American public with lurid and unsavoury details of the love-life, sexual aberrations and what have you of film stars and other celebrities. But, alas, melodrama has crept in and spiked the heavy artillery.

Mr. Steve Cochran, enthusiastic publisher of one of the slimiest gutter-rags, brings disaster on Mr. Van Johnson and Miss Ann Blyth, a young married couple, simply because the husband refuses to tell what he knows about a popular film star's past. Mr. Cochran's mother, Miss Marjorie Rambeau, feels that this time her son has really gone too far: she shoots him dead.

The way I look at it, unless there are more public-spirited Mums than one suspects in America, muck-raking magazines will continue to be published and enjoy a vast circulation there.



MARGARET LEIGHTON, after her success in a twin role in *Separate Tables*, brings a dual personality to the screen in *The Passionate Stranger*. As a novelist with a crippled husband and an Italian chauffeur, she finds herself entangled in her own plot

JEAN GABIN and Bourvil are seen in a scene from *La Traversée De Paris*, as famous artist and black marketeer respectively. The story revolves round an illicit pig in wartime Paris whose demise and subsequent transport come to the notice of the Gestapo



## PUBLISHER AND M.P.

THE ONLY son of the Prime Minister, Mr. Maurice Macmillan, is also M.P. for Halifax and a director of the family publishing firm. He is seen here with the first volumes of the St. Martin's Library which is being launched in April. The books, paper backs chosen from outstanding volumes in Macmillan's list, will cost from 3s.

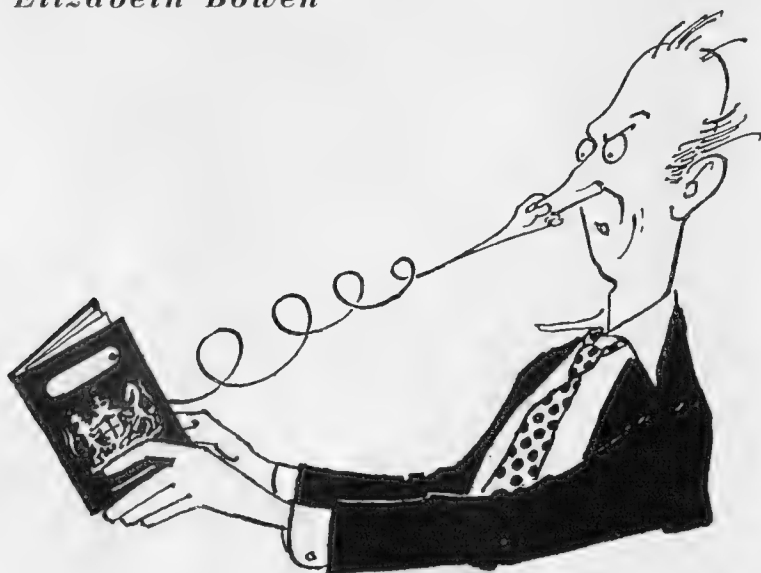


F. J. Gorman

## Book Reviews

# BELLOC TO THE LIFE

Elizabeth Bowen



PASSPORT TROUBLE, a drawing by Antony Wysard from Spike Hughes's "The Art Of Coarse Travel" (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.), an invaluable guide by an expert in well-cushioned wayfaring

ROBERT SPEAIGHT'S *The Life Of Hilaire Belloc* (Hollis and Carter, 30s.) has the merit of being a living portrait. This book has a liveliness and unconstraint which removes all chill from the term "official biography"—in undertaking to write it Mr. Speaight, one feels instinctively certain, was actuated by love for the great man. Affection followed Hilaire Belloc throughout the length of his troublous, dynamic course. Mr. Speaight, though of a very much younger generation, was among the friends of the final Sussex days.

Belloc's literary output was stupendous—its time-extension is not more striking than its diversity. His first book was published in 1896, his last in 1955. Within those fifty-nine years poetry, satire, fiendishly witty verses, historical biography, travel books, military history and books on battles, pamphlets and broadsides, criticism, essays, novels (though those were few), topographical studies, political studies and commentary on affairs from the Catholic angle were steadily generated by his pen. One cannot say "streamed" from his pen, for nothing he wrote was either facile or automatic.

YET writing was far from being his sole activity. Among Belloc's loves was the sea as well as the land—he both sailed and farmed; he made many-leagued walking tours. (*The Pyrenees* and *The Path To Rome* are among the classics he left for those coming after.) Distance meant little to him! Few young men going a'courting would cross the Atlantic steerage, then work and walk their way across the great American continent, as he did in pursuit of Elodie Hogan—the young Californian lady, Irish-descended, who first refused him but later became his wife.

By choice, as the son of his French father, Belloc served his time as a conscript in the French army. His rugged experiences as artilleryman kept a balance in him when he later went up to Oxford; and at Balliol he chose his friends from among the most fastidious young English intellectuals of his day. His term as President of the Union was not the only mark he left on the university. His

failure to be accorded an Oxford fellowship did, Mr. Speaight holds, embitter and haunt him more than he often showed; it accounted for his (general) ranking of dons among the many things that he was "against." On the whole, his hates did not rankle; they found straightforward outlet in diatribe, whether by pen or speech.

Politics, to which he never could be indifferent, and religion, which was in the fibre of his being, were two never quite latent forces in Belloc's make-up. One or the other was not to be excluded from his studies of Danton, Robespierre, Marie Antoinette, James II, Cranmer, Napoleon and Oliver Cromwell. Just under four years of outright political activity opened when, in 1906, he became Liberal M.P. for Salford. His reasons for refusing to stand again provide, in this *Life*, a revealing passage.

THIS man showed the stamp of genius in personality. Humanly speaking, the great testimony is in how many friends, how few enemies, he made—given his strong views (sometimes prejudices) and their forthright expression. In part, the complexity of his temperament may be accounted for by the fact that he was a hybrid. His French father's and English mother's respective backgrounds, their marriage, Hilaire's birth in France (at La Celle St. Cloud) and his widowed mother's subsequent move home fill the animated first chapters of this biography. Early did Sussex, and with it England, enter into Belloc's being and well-nigh blood—he was to love England, scold England and sing England as few full-born Englishmen ever have. At the same time, an impassioned duality was to remain in his attitude to France.

Belloc's novelist sister, Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes, has in her memoirs, which are so charming, covered those French-English early family years. But this present *Life Of Hilaire Belloc* has a documentation covering *all* the lifetime. Out of letters, papers and conversations Mr. Speaight has evoked the impressive whole. (Many of the photographic illustrations, by the way, were taken by our own Mr. Bickerstaff, alias James Hall.) Belloc, because of his versatility, his very abundance and range of energies, may up to now have been hard to "place"—has he been less acclaimed than lesser men? This book accords him his full stature, and preconceives how posterity will regard him. As for us, have we not known his name since childhood? His and Basil Blackwood's *The Bad Child's Book Of Beasts*, together with *More Beasts For Worse Children*, were—and I do hope still are?—in every nursery.

★ ★ ★

MAURICE EDELMAN's *The Happy Ones* (Wingate, 13s. 6d.) should further this novelist's reputation, if, indeed, it needs furthering—his three preceding books, *A Trial Of Love*, *Who Goes Home* and *A Dream Of Treason* each had an enthusiastic reception. Here's a refreshing, lightly hard-hitting novelist, whose knowledge of men and affairs covers wide ground, and whose story-telling is deft without being shallow. This time, civil aviation, law, politics, Mediterranean pleasures and London social life, are elements in what is, in the main, a love story.

A love story not in the boy-meets-girl sense. We have, rather, a case of illicit passion which becomes the mainstay of two lives. Stephen Russell and Laura Metcalfe are, for a time, decidedly better people for having met. Without her, ambition might have devoured his life (he's a brilliant barrister with a political future); without him, the strain of her marriage to a neurotic might have become disabling. Yet she shrinks from a break with her husband, feels bound to her children—and on Russell's side, would a scandal hurt his career?

Such a situation, often in real life, raises heartrending questions to which there seems no answer. Right is right, points out the moralist, wrong is wrong—for lovers the whole thing is not so simple. Roger Metcalfe, operator of an independent air line, Nightfreights, is in difficulties—to which his attempt to fly a friend's dog secretly into England (thereby avoiding quarantine) contribute. Poor Medor's end is but one of many tense scenes, culminating in Roger's crazy sweeps through the night sky. And fate haunts, for the lovers, the Mediterranean island on which for a spell they forget the rest of the world. . . . The title of *The Happy Ones* is satirical; it comes from a Villon ballade which says of love, "Happy are they who have nothing to do with it."



CAMELLIA JAPONICA, a flower grown by Mr. Augusto L. Gouvía Pinto and named after him, is one of the paintings by Paul Jones and Raymond Boothe illustrating the superbly produced "The Camellia" (Leslie Urquhart, 75s.)



THE WEISSHORN, painted from below the east side of the Meiden Pass, Switzerland, is one of the paintings by Victor Coverley-Price which are reproduced in his fascinating book "An Artist Among Mountains" (Robert Hale, 21s.)





Michel Molina

## FASHIONS by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

NO bombshells in the way of bizarre lines and shapes have exploded in the Paris Collections this year, instead, the French couturiers have created some of the prettiest clothes seen for some time. Fashion has an international flavour; Dior has given women freedom of style and length of skirt—*liberte*. There is Japanese influence at Lanvin, Dutch boy skirts at Heim and Old Vienna at Griffe and Patou, as well as harem skirts and sari styles at Jean Desses. Pierre Balmain's magnificent fairy-tale evening dress and coat typify this romantic trend. In snow-white tulle, the dress has a strapless bodice, circled under the bust and round the waist with white kid, and a billowing skirt. The hooded coat of fine spotted tulle has wide sleeves of Arctic fox

# Paris..... GRANDE DAME



• • • •

DIOR. The simple but superb line for which this great master of couture is celebrated is typified in this white faille ankle-length gown (left) with its back-curving skirt and vee-backed bodice

BALMAIN. A deliciously feminine evening dress (below) made in softly draped white and black spotted chiffon. The high waist is accentuated by a black taffeta cummerbund and flower spray

DESSES. From the crystal bodice of this white evening dress (right), an organza bell-shaped skirt billows out over the crystal underskirt to drape high at the back and flow in folds to the ground



Paris.....





Michel Molinare

DIOR. A superb hat for a great occasion is this model in snowy white feathers (above). It has all the grace and dignity of a swan and its wide brim, slightly wider at the back than the front, has an echo of the sou'wester line. Also by Dior (above, right) is a hat of honey coloured woven raffia which has the swept-back look more strongly emphasized, suggestive of a nun's coif

BALMAIN. This hat in blue Baku straw banded in grosgrain (right) is reminiscent of a more gracious age when the more adventurous ladies ventured forth in horseless carriages, their wide brimmed hats firmly tied on with a motoring veil. Also by Balmain (far right) is a very perky high crowned topper in black and white striped silk which combines youth with sophistication; the brim dips slightly to one side

Paris..... Tête-à-tête in the Elysées



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

## CASTING A SPELL

**K**NITTING is news; appearing everywhere this spring are knitted and double-knitted suits, coats and dresses. These clothes combine lightness and warmth, ranging in texture from fine jersey for dresses to heavy cable-stitch coats, all crease-resisting and easy to wear. Right: Garlaine's jumper suit in deep royal blue wool has a casual double breasted cardigan style jacket worn with a finely pleated skirt. Approximately £14 17s. 6d. from Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street, and Anthonie of Cardiff. Left: by Tricosa, a pale maize-yellow dress in fine wool jersey, very springlike, costing approximately 16½ guineas, from Joan Russell, Church Street, Kensington. Hat by Gina Davies

*Photographs by John French*



Copeland Spode, set of 10-in., 7-in. and 5-in. plates, tea and coffee cups and saucers, soup cups, £38 2s. for eight



## Setting the scene for breakfast or banquet

*EATING* off gold plates is an experience that comes to few, but eating off beautiful china is a pleasure enjoyed by many. Here are some examples of contemporary English china, famous for its fine designs, both traditional and modern

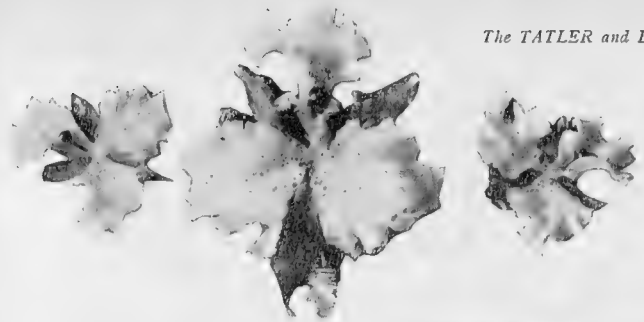
—JEAN CLELAND



Minton's "Aurora," 7-in. plate, £1 12s., dish, £5 5s. 3d., sauce boat, £6 7s., soup cup, £3 4s. 2d., Harrods

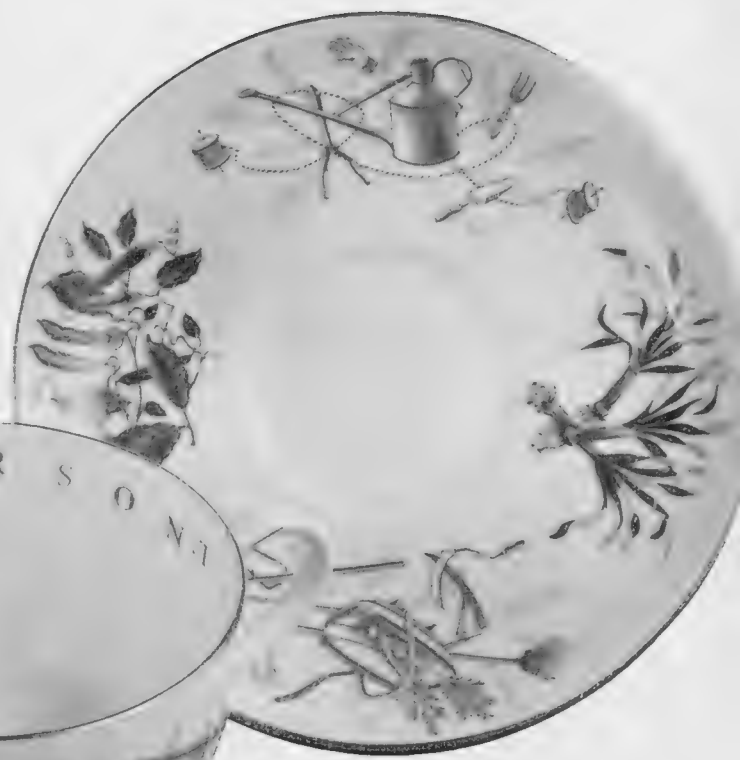
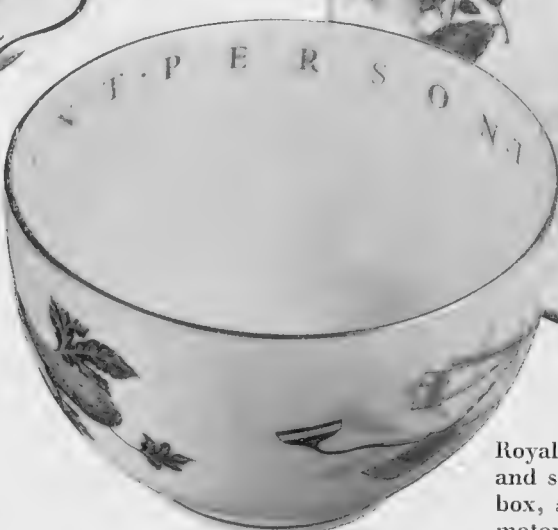


Doultton's "Bamboo" 21-piece tea set costs £4 8s., dinner service for six, £9 18s. 6d.



China jewellery, a delightful set in Crown Derby comprising brooch and ear-rings, £4 4s. Obtainable from Harrods

For brooches and pins on the dressing table, this Wedgwood heart-shaped box, £1 4s. 7d. (below) and scalloped dish decorated with silver leaves on white, 11s. (right). Both are from Harrods



Royal Worcester "Gardening" cup and saucer comes in a presentation box, £2 2s.; there are also cups for motorists and anglers. Finnigans



Doulton's "Frost Pine" coffee set, £5 7s. 6d., dinner set for six, £11 17s. 6d. These are both in earthenware



"Lyric" tea service by Doulton in bone china, £13 18s. 11d. (excluding tea-pot), comprising 21 pieces

Dennis Smith

## Beauty

Scientific ways  
of slimming

Jean Cleland



WITH the opening of her new slimming clinic, Helena Rubinstein has made a most valuable contribution towards the maintenance of health, good figure and youthful appearance. When I went to the opening, and was shown the various rooms equipped with the most modern machines in the country, I had little doubt that clients would soon be flocking to Grafton Street.

I was not surprised, therefore, on paying a second visit just recently, to find the place buzzing with activity. Since it is staffed by experts, under the supervision of a well-known consultant physiotherapist, one can be sure of safe and correct guidance as to the best kind of treatments for one's particular needs. This is important since, in addition to slimming, the clinic is equipped to deal with a number of ills such as fibrositis, arthritis, catarrh, nasal sinusitis and chilblains. Instruction is given with regard to diet, with special leaflets to take home, and by means of exercises and manipulation the staff teach clients how to relax and how to breathe deeply and correctly.

ALTHOUGH it has always been possible to have a variety of treatments under one roof for many different conditions, Helena Rubinstein's first consideration is the scientific planning of new reducing methods by means of which you can reduce weight where you most need to. This is the answer to a tricky problem for the many people who only want to slim here and there. A friend who has already been, said to me: "It's just what I want. I have no need to slim all over, for, like the curate's egg, I'm good in parts."

On arrival at the clinic, experts assess exactly which area is overweight. It may be the diaphragm, the waist, the hips, the thighs, or perhaps the trouble is thick ankles or upper arms. When this has been settled, the particular area is then treated

HELENA RUBINSTEIN has installed (right) the most luxurious new slimming clinic at number three, Grafton Street. The clinic has been fitted out for this purpose with the most modern machines in the country. The place is staffed by experts, under the skilful supervision of a well-known consultant physiotherapist



with whichever method is best for producing satisfactory results. It may be deep massage together with heat of one kind or another, or special treatment with one of the latest machines, or a combination of different treatments, all designed for swift, sure and safe reducing. To give an idea of the extent of the machines and methods, here is a brief description.

First there is the traction rhythmic couch, which is being used for the first time in this country. This stretches the spinal column, manipulates the muscles, slims, tones and improves posture. In explaining it to me—when I paid my second visit to investigate the machines more thoroughly—the physiotherapist said: "As one gets older, there is a drooping of the abdominal muscles. This gives the appearance of obesity in the abdomen, due to lack of tone, and slackness of the muscles.

"THE purpose of the traction rhythmic couch is to develop and strengthen these muscles so that the slack flesh is taken up and the weight redistributed." To have the treatment, the client is "harnessed" to the couch, which is quite comfortable, and which, by means of a motor, is set in gentle motion. The muscles then get a rhythmic movement of stretch and rest, stretch and rest, which makes a very pleasant and effective way of toning up something that has been letting you down.

Something else of particular interest is the "Traxator," a vacuum cup massaging machine, used for slimming areas of local fat, such as upper arms or ankles. This machine has different sized cups for various parts of the body, and sets up a pumping action which stimulates the circulation, and helps to clear waste products from the lymphatic vessels.

Other equipment handles galvanism for reducing inflammation in nerves and muscles, and relieving muscular strain, rheumatic pain and fibrositis; and faradism, which, by producing a gentle surging current, exercises and reduces bulk in large groups of muscles, and also restores tone to flaccid tissues. Radiant heat is used to give greater effect to the deep hand massage.



**Miss Elizabeth Anne Vane Boulton**, eldest daughter of **Cdr. Edward Newdigate Boulton, R.N.**, of **Coombe Wood House, Salcombe Regis, Devon**, and **Mrs. Jenkins, of Harrietsham, Kent**, is to marry **Mr. George Henry Douglas Gaisford**, son of **Brig. J. W. Gaisford**, and of the late **Mrs. J. W. Gaisford**

Vandyk



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
FEB. 27,  
1957  
303*



Lenare

**Miss Margaret Frances Frazer**, only daughter of **Mr. Ninian B. Frazer**, and the late **Mrs. Frazer, of Hyde Park Gate**, is to marry the **Hon. Richard Long**, who is the elder son of **Viscount and Viscountess Long of Wraxall, of Steeple Ashton Manor, Trowbridge, Wiltshire**

**Miss Maureen Watt Miles**, daughter of **Sir Charles Miles, O.B.E.**, and **Lady Miles, of The Mount, South Godstone, Surrey**, has become engaged to **Mr. John d'Olier Vigne**, son of **Mr. and Mrs. H. d'O. Vigne, of Pease Hall, Springfield, Essex**

Fayer



## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenare

**Miss Ann Patricia MacLaren**, daughter of **Sir Hamish MacLaren, K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C.**, and **Lady MacLaren, of Combe Down, Bath**, is to marry **Lt. Arthur Michael Keane, R.N.**, youngest son of **Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Keane, of Bookham, Leatherhead, Surrey**



**Miss Peta Ann Holt**, elder daughter of **S/Ldr. Frank Holt, A.F.C.**, and **Mrs. Holt, of San Remo, Herne Bay, Kent**, has recently become engaged to **Mr. John White**, elder son of **Mr. and Mrs. A. J. White, Bramber, Torquay**



**Miss Ann Scott-Kerr**, daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Scott-Kerr, of Sun-laws, Kelso, Roxburghshire**, has announced her engagement to **Mr. Charles Annand Fraser**, son of the **Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John A. Fraser, of Mansewood, Hamilton, Lanarkshire**

Norton-Pratt



**Harris—Rees-Williams.** Mr. Richard Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Harris, of Ennis Road, Limerick, married the Hon. Elizabeth Rees-Williams, only daughter of Lord and Lady Omore, of Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, at l'Eglise de Notre Dame de France, Leicester Place, W.C.2



S. F. James

**Yorke—Glasbrook.** Major Arthur P. D. Yorke, M.C., R.A., son of Brig. and Mrs. P. G. Yorke, of Marycourt, Childe Okeford, married Miss Mary E. Glasbrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. L. Glasbrook, of Childe Okeford Manor, Blandford, Dorset, at St. Nicholas's, Childe Okeford



**Thomas—Wilkinson.** Mr. Clive St. John Thomas, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Haydn Thomas, of Hove, Sussex, was recently married to Miss Janet M. R. Wilkinson, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alan Wilkinson, of Offham, Kent, at St. Simon. Zelotes, Lennox Gardens

## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Wall—Conway-Gordon.** At St. Mary's, Cadogan St., Mr. Geoffrey M. Wall, Coldstream Guards, son of Capt. and Mrs. G. C. Wall, of Tŷrrells Wood, Leatherhead, married Miss Stella J. Conway-Gordon, daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. C. Conway-Gordon, of Thakeham, Sussex



**Ferrand—Grant.** Capt. Robert S. Ferrand, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. H. Ferrand, of Leyburn, Yorks, married Miss Anne G. Grant, daughter of Mr. A. D. Grant, of Lodge Farm, Stowood, Beckley, Oxfordshire, and the late Mrs. Grant, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

**Gaisford-St. Lawrence—Drew.** Capt. C. S. Gaisford-St. Lawrence, son of Capt. S. F. Gaisford-St. Lawrence, R.N., and Mrs. Gaisford-St. Lawrence, of Howth Castle, Co. Dublin, married Miss Penelope Drew, daughter of Lt.-Col. A. Drew, of North Cheriton, and Mrs. H. M. Drew, of Dinorben Lodge, Fleet, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.





An actual photograph

## CLOTHING ATTRIBUTES

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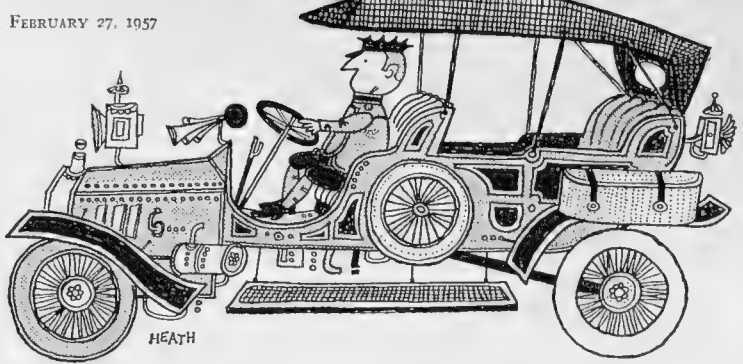
# Horrockses



## Motoring

# TOP-OF-THE-BILL CAR

Oliver Stewart



It began mildly enough. On arrival we had each been given a box containing luncheon and a programme. The only clue that Vauxhall had large scale plans, lay in the size of the theatre, the second largest in Europe. And the start of the programme was restrained, with some admirable dancing and delightful set pieces illustrating highlights of Vauxhall history, from the date of the first car in 1903, onwards through the twenties and the thirties. (No show today seems to be complete without the Charleston.)

When we came to the presentation of the new Victor cars, however, the pace quickened: everything became bigger, louder, faster. Finally, as the moment arrived for the unveiling of the Victor "Super," a twenty-five piece orchestra rose from the floor in full blast, the band of the Grenadier Guards appeared at the back of the stage, ranged in tier upon tier, and working at maximum permissible manifold pressure a gigantic electric organ was clutched in and went into overdrive with rushing arpeggios, a male voice choir sent the jet temperatures soaring, and just as things became "critical" (as they say of the atomic piles), a score of dancing girls hurled themselves into action on the stage.

In the midst of all this the Victor "Super," finished in gleaming "gypsy" red, looked almost austere and even a trifle self-conscious. Was all the fuss worth while? On the whole I would say it was. Thousands of the men and women who must sell the new cars were well impressed, and I do not think that anybody who was there is in risk of forgetting about the new models for months or years to come.

ALL in all then, I would say that Vauxhall policy in staging this enormous presentation was wise. The Victor itself is rather a production and a styling triumph than a technical achievement. But its sponsors were right in claiming that, in value for money, it will be hard to beat anywhere in the world.

I shall return to the Victor cars in greater detail in a future article. Here I should just mention that the car has a one-and-a-half litre, four-cylinder engine, is a full four-seater with a big luggage boot, has a curved, wide-vision screen and wrap-around rear window and is claimed to do seventy-five miles an hour.

The prices are £728 17s. for the Victor four-door saloon and £758 17s. for the Victor "Super" four-door saloon. The means whereby the new cars can be sold for such modest prices were discussed by Mr. Philip Copelin, the managing director of Vauxhall Motors, at a dinner given to the press in London on the day after the presentation.

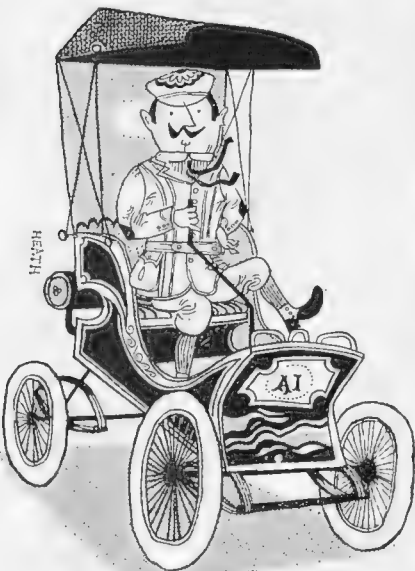
Mr. Copelin said that, in building the new factory, they had had to move more than one-and-a-half million tons of chalk and subsoil. The new building has a floor space of 1,500,000 square feet. The Victor cylinder block is produced on a line of fifteen machines, including the largest automatic transfer machine in Europe. This line can produce sixty-five engine cylinder blocks an hour.

WE should welcome the new scheme which *The Autocar* has introduced for a Championship for British Formula 2 Drivers. The cost and difficulty of competing regularly in the Formula 1 events are well enough known; but the International Formula 2 offers opportunities for more economical participation in racing. This formula is for unsupercharged racing cars of up to 1,500 cubic centimetres capacity.

The championship is being endowed with a trophy, to be held for a year, a replica and a cash prize of two hundred guineas. There will be other prizes as well. It is, perhaps, a difficult moment to launch new schemes in motor sport; but this one does deserve success.

Formula 2 racing should do two things; first it should increase the scope of the sport and bring in many people who might otherwise never have had an opportunity to race, and, second, it should give the stimulus and the facilities for maintaining a flow of good Formula 1 drivers.

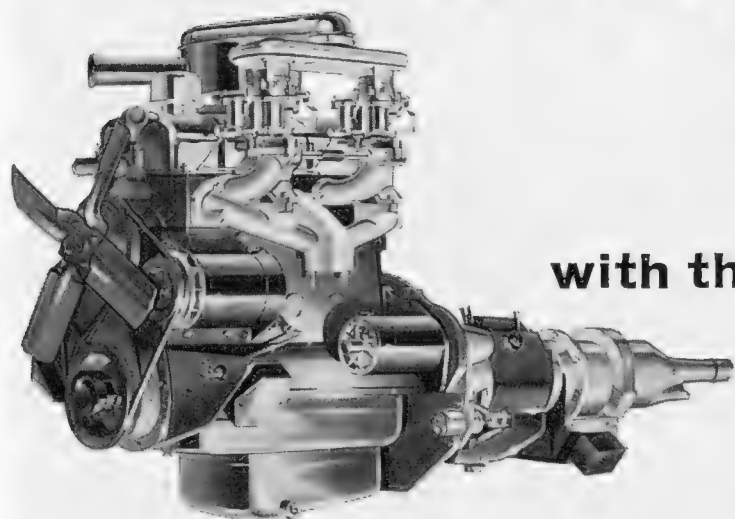
I have tried to keep readers informed about the fuel supply position abroad. The arrangements for France are, as I said, such that no one taking a car to France need have anxieties about obtaining enough fuel for any normal—indeed quite extensive—touring programme. In Italy, I am now officially assured, there is not only no fuel rationing, but there is *no intention* of introducing rationing. In fact Italy seems to be the best placed country at the moment for petrol supplies for private motoring.



A REMOVABLE partition for the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and Bentley "S" has been designed by Harold Radford Ltd., in their Countryman adaptations. It can be inserted (left) in a few seconds, the car then becoming (right) a chauffeur-driven limousine



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# Helena Rubinstein

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COUNT BASIE and his orchestra are making their British debut at the Royal Festival Hall on April 2. The concert will start a three week tour

## The Gramophone

# OLD FAVOURITES RETURN

THERE is a sixth and supplementary volume to the series "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing," and many will be glad to find that the amazing omission of anything sung by Luisa Tetrazzini on the original release has now been rectified. She shows the quality of her voice and technique with "Merco Sulla Verrai," from Veracini's *Rosalinda*, which was recorded in 1913.

The earliest recording on this L.P. is of an aria sung by Enrico Caruso, made in 1906, and we come much nearer to our own time with a 1930 Galli-Curci recording on this interesting collector's piece. (H.M.V. CSLP.516).

It is intriguing to discover the name of Maori opera singer Inia Te Wiata included on what must virtually be regarded as the His Master's Voice "Pop" list. This fine musician sings "Call of the Sea," and "The Banana Boat Song" with a delightful sense of ease and authenticity. It will be interesting to see if this Te Wiata innovation reaches the top ten; by all the rules of genuinely applied talent, it should! (H.M.V. POP.301).

Under the general title "Boum!!", that impeccable cabaret and variety artist Charles Trenet re-introduces us to ten of his better known creations. Such favourites as "Douce France," "En Avril à Paris," "Mes Jeunes Années," "Que reste-t-il de nos amours," "La Mer" and of course "Boum!!" are but six of the titles with which the Trenet repertoire must always be associated. This recently released L.P. is obtainable in this country on the special order list, which would appear to be somewhat surprising because I believe Charles Trenet to be both better known and more popular than many artists not given this slight restriction. (Columbia 33.CS.19).

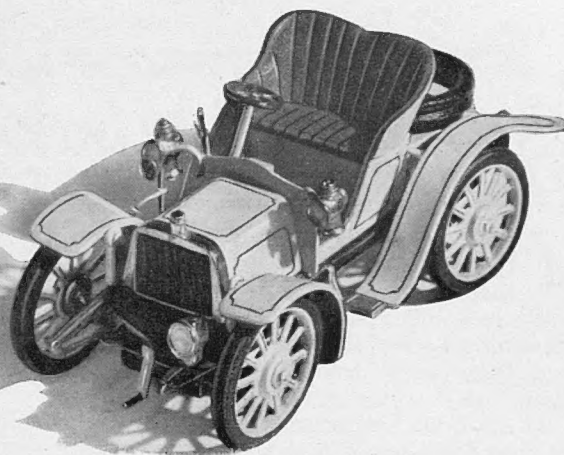
INCIDENTALLY it is an excellent idea to re-release some of the old and tried successes of such star performers as Trenet; so many new and inferior recordings are allowed to push out those made by distinguished and established artists. In these days of the L.P. there is indeed room for at least one such recording from every tried and proven worth-while entertainer. There should be L.P.s for example of "Hutch," Viera, and the irascible Douglas Byng, three whose names ought never to be overlooked by the progressive recording manager who also has an eye on something more than the overrated flash-in-the-pan sales angle.

And a special word for that versatile entertainer Bob Harvey who is always worth a hearing. In his latest Extended Play selection he presents "S' Wonderful," "The Lady Is A Tramp," "Manhattan," "I Could Write A Book," "Do, Do, Do," "An Ordinary Broom," with that subtle difference with which socialites and others associate his name. (Parlophone GEP.8598).

—Robert Tredinnick



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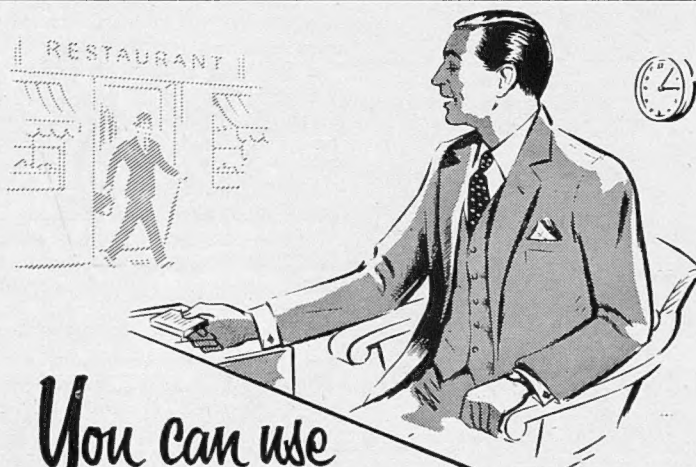
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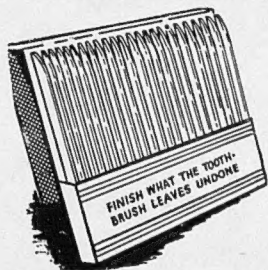
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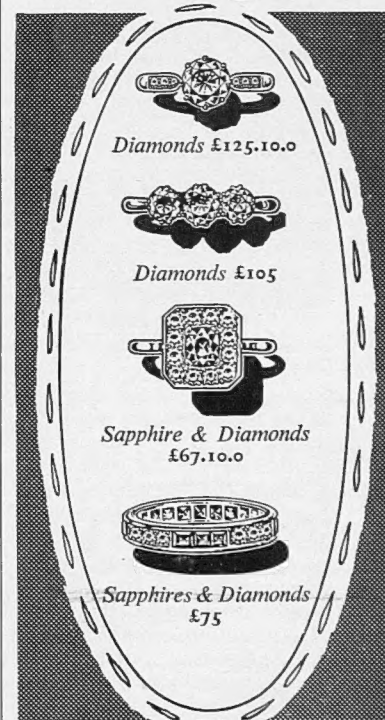
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GERALD BUTLER began as a *commis* wine waiter at the now extinct Cervantes. From there he went to Bentley's, Wheeler's, Vendome, Au Toine, and is now at the Carafe in Belgravia, which has two dining-rooms, one upstairs and one down, and specializes in seafood

John de Wynter

## DINING OUT

### Salvage of a bar

THERE was an atmosphere of gloom and sadness at the Carlton Hotel in the Haymarket during the sale of its effects after closing down. The ghosts of Caesar Ritz and Escoffier stalked the place, and there were many old retainers present, some of whom, including Mr. J. Krakeel, the head barman, had given over forty years service to that famous establishment.

It was quite by chance that I looked in as the contents of the bar were being sold, and after buying four handsome chairs for £3 10s. thought I had better get out of the place before sentiment ran away with sense and I might find myself with a mass of furniture for which I had no possible use. So I wandered off round the empty rooms till near the Grill Room I came across Lot 401, a semi-circular Dispense Bar of the sort where the barman has a row of bottles in a trough in front of him. This was faced with more than fifty rather attractive old coloured tiles, and quite apart from many compartments at the back, there was a metal bin for forty bottles.

While I was inspecting this, somebody came up and asked me if I was interested in Lot 401. I said I was not, but that I thought it would be rather a pleasant thing to have in a room in one's home if one had sufficient space for it. I asked him if he intended to bid for it. He said no, but that it was a sad day for him because for some years he had dispensed drinks for many famous people from it.

I went back into the sale room interested to see how much the bar would fetch, and to my amazement when it came up there was not a single bid. "Surely someone will start the bidding, even at ten shillings?" said the auctioneer. Up went my hand and down went his hammer, and the Dispense Bar of the Carlton is now installed in my flat.

With a mighty struggle we managed to get it as far as the hall, but it would go no farther, so the simple solution was to turn the hall into a bar, which I have now done, and when I have it completed maybe some of the famous people who were served from it in the old days will journey to my flat to the reopening of the Carlton Bar.

IF there was gloom over the Carlton Bar, there was excitement over the bar at the Gore Hotel in Knightsbridge when I met an enthusiastic Scotsman named William Hamilton, who I discovered was far from biased on the proposition that Scotch whisky was the only thing worth drinking, because he happens to be a Chevalier du Tastevin and is a frequent visitor to Beaune and Clos Vougeot. It was, in fact, Marc Cheillot, proprietor of the Hotel de la Poste in Beaune, who introduced me to him. Mr. Hamilton considers that the "wine of Scotland" deserves a break. As he pointed out, we have had innumerable and incessant wine tastings of one sort and another all over the British Isles, with wines from all over Europe, and suggests staging a mighty "Tastes de Whisky" in Edinburgh, which I think is a magnificent idea.

Heaven knows, there are sufficient varieties of first-class Scotch, from the straight to the blends, to make this a sensation. I would wager that there are several hundred blends of Scotch which have never been heard of in England and are never allowed to cross the Border.

Has anybody got any ideas on this subject? I am sure it would be a great success.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Juicy conceits

IF you are looking for unusual, exotic ways of making more of a grapefruit (though I cannot think of any good reason for serving them other than halved, with each segment cut out), the suggestions here will, perhaps, meet with your approval. After all, why not paint the lily?

If grapefruit needs sugar, I do not want it. That is why juicy Jaffa grapefruit (and for that matter oranges, too) are my favourite citrus fruits.

First, a reminder: Rub cubes of sugar on the rinds of both Jaffa grapefruit and oranges, place them in separate screw-capped jars, and you will have the true perfume and flavour of the fruits—wonderful for smooth sweet sauces or for puddings and cakes. Or, before you eat your oranges and after you have eaten the grapefruit, grate the rinds. Place (again in separate jars) with a teaspoon of sugar. Continue to do this through the Jaffa season and you will have trapped their fresh flavour for the whole year round.

Now for the "exotics" which I tasted recently. Let's start with oysters. Pass grapefruit juice and see how well it goes with them. Oysters are so delicate, and these days costly (therefore rare), that one must be chary of any additions other than lemon juice but, in fairness, I must report that grapefruit juice is good. I did not care for oysters with segments of grapefruit and mayonnaise, flavoured with tomato and Cayenne pepper (or could it have been Tabasco sauce?). But I liked grapefruit segments, each cut in four, and shrimps, dressed in a similar sauce, the mixture returned to the empty shells. I think that this, as a meal starter, would go with a swing—though I still prefer my grapefruit plain.

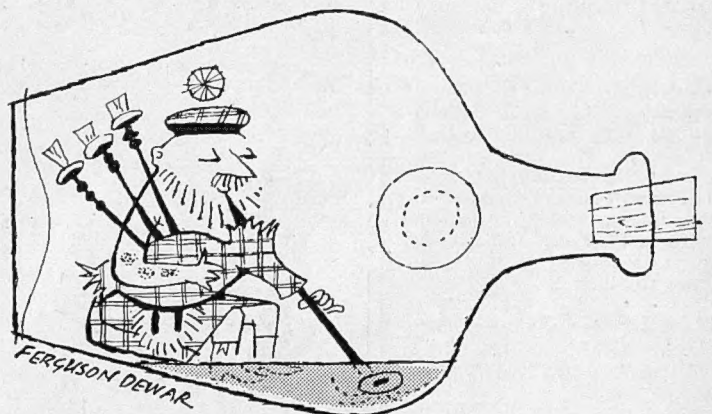
BUT how rarely does one get a properly prepared grapefruit anywhere! Here is how a young trainee in the chef's kitchen would be taught to deal with it: With his beautifully sharp slender little French knife, he will cut the fruit in half. Then, slant-wise, he will cut out and remove the core. With the tip of the knife, he will cut each little segment clear of its surrounding skin, leaving the skins where they belong—not incorporated into the flesh. One can then lift out each segment, leaving behind little empty pockets formed by the skinny divisions.

I was very critical about one way with grapefruit I was shown, but I accept it now. Cut the grapefruit in half and prepare it as above. Drain off as much "loose" juice as there is. Do this an hour or so ahead. Just before the meal, sprinkle plenty of Demerara crystals on top of the halved grapefruit, then place under the grill to caramelize it. Pass the juice separately or pour it over the fruit itself. Hot grapefruit is a very good starter for a winter meal.

If you like avocado pears and do not mind losing the delicate flavour of the flesh, make a sauce with tomato ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and a little cream. Spoon out small teaspoons of the halved stoned avocado flesh, mix them with quartered segments of grapefruit and pile the mixture into the avocado shells. Better, I think, are the grapefruit segments and avocado flesh, without the dressing. There is something soft and pleasant and yet nippy in the right way, when the grapefruit and its juice do all the flavouring.

Here is a pleasant combination for a meal starter or a cold sweet: Halve the grapefruit and remove the segments as above. Remove also the skinny divisions from the shells. Halve the segments. Then halve and deseed twelve large dark grapes for each grapefruit. Place both fruits in the shells with a little sugar to taste, then add a small spoonful of cognac, sherry or Madeira to each.

—Helen Burke



**SHERRY BEFORE DINNER....**

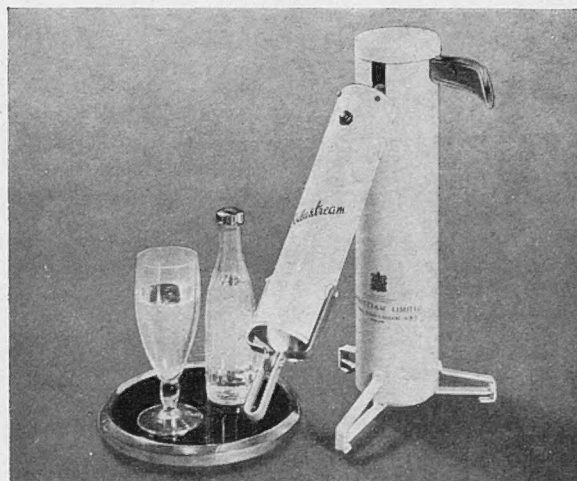


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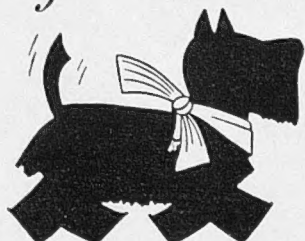
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